

The Academy and Literature.

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THE LITERARY WEEK 647

REVIEWS.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe	651
Salt-Water Ballads	652
The Reign of Queen Anne	652
Queen Victoria: A Biography	654
Auto da Fé and other Essays	654

SHORT NOTICES:

George Meredith—"By Allan Water": The True Story of an Old House —The Triumph of Love—In Memoriam, The Princess, and Maud—A Londoner's Log Book—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Marquess of Salisbury	655
--	-----

FICTION:

Hidden Manna—Cecilia: A Story of Modern Rome—The Weird O'— Sacrilege Farm—The Whole Difference—Dulcinea	657
--	-----

Notes on the Week's Novels	658
------------------------------------	-----

ARTICLES.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE EXPERTS	659
The Author and Himself	660
"Where there is Nothing"	661
Impressions—X. One Winter Night	662

DRAMA:

"The Unforeseen." E. K. Chambers	662
--	-----

ART:

Alone in the Gallery. C. L. H.	663
--	-----

SCIENCE:

The End of the World. F. Legge	664
--	-----

CORRESPONDENCE:

Child Snobbery	665
The Cockney H.	665
A Critic's Complaint	655

WEEKLY COMPETITION:

Description of a shop window at Christmas Time	666
--	-----

The Literary Week.

THE issue of new books has fallen off considerably since the beginning of the month. It cannot be said that the stream of new novels has run dry, but the trickle is nothing in comparison with the October and November torrent. This was always so in the publishing world. The good books come hustling in a rush—then peace and the second-rate. The approaching Durbur at Delhi has created a small demand for books on India, but the general public is not superlatively interested in the subject. We have received 66 new volumes since our last issue. Among them we note the following:—

OF AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE: together with AMABEL AND AMORIS. By Laurence Housman.

In the introduction to this new translation of an immortal story, Mr. Housman very justly points out that no age has been satisfied with the translations of another age: the Homer of Chapman and Pope were almost perfect for their day, but a later time calls for renderings in the spirit of that time. Therefore, says Mr. Housman, any apologies which may be due are due to the author, and not to his translators or the public. He continues: "In the following pages, however, I have but handled a tiny Classic, delicate and sweet, and essentially simple in its charm, a work which but few translators have approached To one previous translator, however, Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, Mr. Housman pays a deserved tribute. Mr. Paul Woodroffe's dainty and imaginative illustrations are in keeping with the spirit of the text.

FRENCH ENGRAVERS AND DRAUGHTSMEN OF THE XVIIITH CENTURY. By Lady Dilke.

"With this volume," says Lady Dilke, "ends the series in which I have attempted to sketch the leading features of French art in the eighteenth century, and to trace the action of those social laws under the pressure of which the arts take shape just as dogma crystallizes under the influence of preceding speculation." The reproductions of the engravings in the volume have naturally presented greater difficulties than the reproductions of paintings and architecture in the previous volumes, but on the whole the work has been well and carefully done.

A HISTORY OF SIENA. By Langton Douglas.

By the author of "Fra Angelico." Mr. Langton writes: "My original intention was to tell briefly the story of Siena, and afterwards to compose a fuller account of her troubled, struggling life. But, as time progressed, I determined to attempt to write a book which should both be useful to the historical student and also not without interest to the general reader." This history of the little Tuscan republic, the result of the industry of "a few laborious years," runs to five hundred pages.

NELSON AND HIS CAPTAINS. By W. H. Fitchett.

A series of sketches of famous seamen by the author of "Deeds that Won the Empire." Among the men dealt with are Sir Edward Berry, Sir Henry Blackwood, Sir James Saumarez, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. Mr. Fitchett says: "Nelson is the only figure amongst the great sea-captains of the Napoleonic war of which the human memory keeps any vivid image. . . . Nelson is the one sea-captain of the Great War who has stamped his image imperishably on the imagination of the English-speaking race."

In consequence of the demand for seats for the performance of Mr. Laurence Housman's "Bethlehem," it has been arranged to give an additional performance on the morning of Saturday, the 20th. On the back of the tickets we observe the following note:—

The Audience is requested to keep silence throughout and after the performance.
It will be necessary for Ladies to remove their hats.

A modern play by Mr. Housman is now in rehearsal at Leipzig, and will be produced early in the New Year.

MR. BARRY PAIN is a humourist who manages to keep fresh; we have often been astonished by the brightness and fertility of ideas which distinguish his weekly contributions to "Black and White." But Mr. Barry Pain is a serious writer as well; people who did not know otherwise might suppose him to be an entirely serious writer if they were to judge by the portrait which appears in "To-day." It is like Mr. Pain and it is not like him. Perhaps the artist, Mr. Forrest, was unable to discover just what mood his sitter happened to be in.

THERE were some curious items included in the sale of the late Mr. Craik Angus's collection of "Burnsiana" in Edinburgh this week, in the shape of early editions of Burns, containing the autographs on the title pages of such celebrities as Patmore, Mr. Swinburne, Browning, Morris, Mr. Meredith, Stevenson, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Mr. Stanley, Keene, Mr. Lang, Mr. Morley, Mr. Whistler, Mark Twain, and Mr. Labouchere. It is not to be presumed, however, from the appearance of these names on the title pages of the various volumes that the works were at one time in the possession of the persons whose autographs are affixed. In the "notes" issued as supplementary to the sale catalogue, the cat is let out of the bag. Here we have the naïve confession that the late Mr. Angus sent from Glasgow to Samoa four books, with the request that Stevenson should put his autograph in each. This Stevenson did, confessing, however, that as he "scrawled his vile name" on them, he "thocht shame as he did it." And no wonder. The four books and the letter were included in the sale. We have heard about audacity in the means used to obtain autographs, but this method of adding to the value of a book is thoroughly original.

THE Nobel Prize awards for this year have been made as follows:—

Literature: Prof. Mommsen, of Berlin.
 Peace: Divided between M. Elie Ducommun and Dr. Albert Gobat.
 Medicine: Major Ronald Ross, of the School of Tropical Medicine, Liverpool.
 Chemistry: Prof. Emil Fischer, of Berlin.
 Physics: Divided between Profs. Lorenz and Zeemann, of Holland.

THE committee appointed by the Society of Authors to select a candidate for the 1903 Nobel Prize of £8,500 has been actively at work seeking votes for the writer of its choice. Although there can be no doubt of the distinction of the writer whom they have selected for recommendation to the Swedish Committee, there is considerable doubt in the minds of many as to the fitness of the Society of Authors' choice. The whole thing rather illustrates the haphazard way in which we manage such matters in England; there is no guiding authority, no sort of general co-operation. We see no particular reason why the Society of Authors should be representing English Letters in the matter at all, save for the fact that it is a society whose members are authors.

SINCE our last issue we have received the following additional replies to our question as to what books had most pleased and interested our readers:—

THE DEAN OF RIPON.

I have been unable to read new books for some time past, and I therefore cannot give any recommendations.

MR. I. ZANGWILL.

Berenson's "Study and Criticism of Italian Art."
 Jerome's "Paul Kever."

Have also enjoyed making Captain Kettle's acquaintance this year.

MR. E. F. BENSON.

"The House with the Green Shutters."
 "The Phantom Millions."

MR. ROBERT HICHENS.

Mathilde Serao's "La Vie en Détresse."
 Gustave Flaubert's "Correspondance."

MR. F. ANSTAY.

Joseph Conrad's "Youth."
 R. Hichens's "Felix."

THE New York "Bookman" prints an article entitled "The Poe Cult." The writer says: "One of the most astonishing facts in the literary annals of America, if not of the world, is the amazing rise of what may be called the Poe cult. The unhappy master of 'The Raven' was the victim of a fate more strange, more romantic, more tragical than poet ever imagined or novelist ever penned." That is going rather far; admitting the utmost of tragedy and romance in Poe's life, it would not be difficult to find examples of at least equal tragedy and romance both in life and fiction. The present recognition and enthusiasm for Poe in America is, however, rather remarkable, for Poe was not in any way a typical American in matters of art. His appeal was rather distinctly un-American; his prose owed much to France; his verse was entirely his own. In England he cannot even now be said to be popular; certain of the stories are well known, and everyone is familiar with "The Raven" and "The Bells." But he wrote finer things in verse than those poems, things more truly great. There are passages in "The Raven" which must always strike one as mere upholstery, and now and then "The Bells" has too mechanical a clang. For "The Raven" Poe received ten dollars; the writer in the "Bookman" estimates that if the original manuscript were in existence ten thousand dollars would gladly be paid for it by one of those American millionaires who buy manuscripts, gems, houses, or horses with equal lavishness and disregard of value. The commercial value of Poe's letters is astonishingly high; we are told that they are worth five times as much as Byron's, twice as much as Shelley's, and a hundred times as much as Lowell's and Longfellow's. Before long the Poe cult will no doubt spread to England, though it will probably assume a less extravagant form. A new edition of his works in seventeen volumes has just been published in America. It seems a curious comment upon that funeral in 1849 which was attended by only eight persons. Yet even then there were those who counted him amongst the immortals.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN contributes an acute study of Browning to the current number of the "National Review." It is entitled "Browning's Casuistry," and it is to this quality of the poet and not to the stupidity of the public that the critic attributes the tardy recognition of Browning's genius. For Sir Leslie Stephen, Browning is first and foremost a psychologist. He compares him with Balzac in so far as both were dominated by an extraordinary interest in the development of the individual. But whereas the French novelist referred the individual always to the "social organism" the English poet "is primarily and essentially interested in the individual." It follows that he is a realist, opposed equally to the "pathetic fallacies" of Ruskin and "Byron's misanthropical nature," to the dream poetry of Coleridge and the transcendentalism of Wordsworth. Perhaps the best examples of Browning's casuistry cited by Sir Leslie are the "Old Grammarian" and "The Statue and the Bust." In each of these poems a psychological problem is stated clearly, but in each case what one may suppose to be the poet's own stand-point does not appear to be inevitably just. Was the heroism a sound one in the true perspective of things? Is "weakness of character" laudable merely because it preserves one from the evil of action?

In the same number of this review Mr. Churton Collins protests against a system of speculative criticism which tends to make Shakespeare "almost as mythical as Homer." His paper, "Shakespearean Paradoxes," is "a plea for the arrest of this process." He chooses "Titus Andronicus" as an example for three reasons: "first, because it comprehensively illustrates the methods

employed by these iconoclasts for the attainment of their paradoxical purposes, their indifference to evidence, to probability, to reason; secondly, because it illustrates how easily and lightly a baseless theory passes by dint of mere repetition into an article of belief; and thirdly, because the assumption of the spuriousness of this play affects very materially the important question of Shakespeare's early education and the development of his genius." Mr. Collins brings forward much external evidence to prove the genuineness of the play, but it is in the handling of the internal evidence that his acumen is most conspicuous.

In the current number of the "Monthly Review," Mr. Arthur Symons has a discriminating article on "The Music of Richard Strauss." Mr. Symons recognises in Strauss a great technician, a master of the body of music, but he cannot discover in him the breath of life, the essential soul. "Strauss," he says, "has no fundamental musical ideas (ideas, that is, which are great as music, apart from their significance to the understanding, their non-musical significance), and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material. If you intensify nothing to the *n*th degree, you get, after all, nothing; and Strauss builds with water and bakes bread with dust." The article concludes:—

I play twenty pages of the piano score of "Feuersnot," and as I play them I realise the immense ingenuity, the brilliant cleverness, of the music, all its effective qualities, its qualities of solid construction, its particular kind of mastery. Then I play a single page of "Parsifal" or of "Tristan," and I am no longer in the same world. That other flashing structure has crumbled into dust, as if at the touch of an Ithuriel spear. Here I am at home, I hear remote and yet familiar voices, I am alive in the midst of life. I wonder that the other thing could have detained me for a moment, could have come, for a moment, so near to deceiving me.

THERE reaches us from Chicago a number of "The Goose Quill," which is described as "a Magazine Not in the Least Like Other Magazines." The claim is ambitious, and not wholly justified; we have seen before American magazines a good deal like "The Goose Quill," though as a rule they have been better printed. "The Goose Quill" suffers from the usual ailment of its kind. We read:—

THIS MEANS YOU, GENTLE READER.

As magazines cannot live on praise alone, we would be delighted to have the individual who peruses this paragraph release his clutches on a dollar long enough to enable it to migrate to our bank account in exchange for a year's subscription to this magazine. Do you view it in the light that we do? If you do, remit \$1 to the manager, "The Goose Quill," 200 Clinton Street, Chicago, and receive twelve slices of an intellectual cheese, cut on or about the first of each month.

Perhaps some day a person of industry and leisure will take the trouble to collect statistics concerning the many funny little journals which have claimed to have a mission. They deserve some such record.

M. MAETERLINCK has recently finished two plays, both of which are to be produced in Paris during the course of next year. One is a fairy story, which attempts "to contrast the conscious manifestations and the unconsciousness of the human soul"; the other is called "Pity," and is modern and philosophical. Either one or other of the plays will be produced in London by Mr. Martin Harvey.

MADAME MARGUERITE DURAND, the proprietress of the "Fronde," has presented the paper to the members of her staff. She will, in future, be merely a co-worker.

Not much new biographical matter concerning the late Lord Tennyson can be expected; the official Life covered practically all the ground. But in "Glimpses of Tennyson and of Some of his Relations and Friends" Miss Agnes Grace Weld has brought together certain interesting and illuminating reminiscences. Tennyson had a very high idea of the duty which his genius carried with it. He felt that his gift was "a great trust," the "vehicle in which he was permitted to convey to his fellowmen the message he had received from the Master." Miss Weld goes on to say:—

He told me that his sense of the divine source of this gift was almost awful to him, since he felt that every word of his should be consecrated to the service of Him who had touched his lips with that fire of Heaven which was to enable him to speak in God's name to his age.

That feeling was implicit in all his work; as strongly, indeed, as in his immediate predecessor in the Laureate-ship.

THE Christmas Number of "Country Life" publishes a beautiful and pathetic poem by Mr. W. E. Henley. We quote the concluding lines:—

And these five wits of mine
Are as the dead leaves trodden
Into the sodden
Glue of the death-cold clay;
And none (God wot!) can understand
How I regret, and yearn, and pine
For just one contact with a little hand
That, being as dead to me, yet speaks
And cherishes and beguiles,
So many long and weary miles,
So many longer and wearier weeks—
Or is it years?—away.

WE cut the following from the "Westminster Gazette":—

"Misther Dooley," says a New York correspondent, was married yesterday, he says, to Miss Margaret Abbott, says he, of Boston. "Mr. Dooley," he says, was the creator of Mr. Peter F. Dunne, says he, and it was Mr. Dunne, he says, who received messages of congratulation from Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sir Henry Irving, and many other celebrities.

"JOHN INGLESANT" is one of the few novels of our time which has actively and effectively survived. It is not a book built for popularity, although the facts that about 80,000 copies have been sold, and an *édition de luxe* has just been issued, would seem to indicate a certain amount of popularity. Yet the ordinary circulating library reader would hardly care for "John Inglesant"; it is too delicate, too subtle, for the taste of the people who read for mere sensation. It is difficult to believe that the Italian scenes in the book were written by a man who had never been to Italy; certain chapters seem full of personal observation, and the atmosphere is faultless. Mr. Shorthouse has not written much, but one of his books at least is not likely to be forgotten.

THE report of the Amalgamated Press (formerly Harmsworth Brothers) is striking evidence of what may be done by giving the public what it wants, or at any rate what it can be induced to think it wants. The profits total up to over a quarter of a million, and the dividend and bonus for the year amount to 40 per cent. "With the Flag to Pretoria" has made a profit for the year of £27,500. These figures have an air of romance. Halfpenny journalism is as paying a concern as a rich gold mine, and it has the advantage of never giving out. What a novel Balzac could have written round the figures given in the report of the Amalgamated Press.

MR. ARTHUR GALTON writes to us from The Palace, Ripon, as follows: "I have undertaken to prepare a Memoir of the late Mr. Lionel Johnson, and shall be greatly obliged if any of your readers can assist me by giving information as to his prose contributions to the press, or by the loan of correspondence, from which I should propose to include a selection in the Memoir." All letters will be carefully preserved by Mr. Galton, and returned to their owners.

WE notice the following items in the Royal Institution's Lecture List for next year:—

Low Temperature Investigations. By Prof. Dewar.

Character Reading from External Signs. By Prof. Karl Pearson.

Dramatic Criticism: Three Lectures. By Arthur B. Walkley.

Mr. Wakeley is described as dramatic critic of the "Times." Although the fact is well known, this statement on a lecture list hardly accords with the traditions of journalism in such matters.

THE second of the series of Imperial Competitions inaugurated by the publishers of "Good Words" has just been concluded. Over three hundred songs were received. Of the nine prizes, three were won by residents in England, two in Scotland, two in Australia, one in Bermuda and one in Ireland.

FACING the contents page of Mr. Laurence Housman's "Aucassin and Nicolette" we read: "By the same author: 'A Modern Antaeus,' 'An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.'"

Bibliographical.

ONE does not altogether envy the writers who undertake nowadays to prepare monographs of popular authors. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Whibley, whose little book on Thackeray (in the "Modern English Writers" series) is now nearly ready. What can he have to tell us of importance which has not already been put into print by Anthony Trollope, Messrs. Merivale and Marzials, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and, more recently (1899), the industrious Mr. Lewis Melville? Thackeray's letters to Mr. Brookfield have long been before the public, and some may have read and may remember the chapters on Thackeray in Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's "Recollections." It is in collecting and grouping the references to men like Thackeray, scattered over the autobiographies, letters, diaries, and so forth, of our time, that the present-day monographer has the best chance of freshening his pages. As it is, the biographers of our time are, in most instances, more inclined towards smart criticism than towards laborious research.

The managers of the Elston Press may be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing out an edition "de luxe" of the "Pandosto" of Robert Greene. To do this is indeed to go tolerably far afield for a reprint, though "Pandosto" was put within the reach of the poorest in one of the volumes of Cassell's "National Library" published in 1887. One of Greene's editors, Mr. Grosart, brought out some eight years ago a little book of selections from Greene which he called "Green Pastures"; but much yet remains to be done towards popularising (as well as editing) the author of "Pandosto," who deserves, of course, to be remembered apart from Shakespeare's indebtedness to him. It was pleasant to find his work recognised in Mr. Humphry Ward's "English Poets"; and he has received, one is glad to see, due honour in the new edition of Chambers's "English Literature."

The publication of the "Letters of Andrew Jukes" will, of course, have the effect of drawing attention to the writer's contributions to Biblical and religious literature generally. These extended over a long period, and include "The Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels" (1853), "The Six Days, or the Various Stages of the Work of God" (1855), "Types of Genesis" (1858, fifth edition 1885), "The Church of Christ" (1862), "The Second Death and the Restitution of All Things" (1869, seventh edition 1878), "Pharisaism and Self-Sacrifice" (1870, reprinted 1892), "The New Man and the Eternal Life" (1881), "The Names of God in Holy Scripture" (1888), and "The Order and Connection of the Church's Teaching" (1893).

Mr. Strang's illustrations of "Don Quixote" will naturally attract much interest. Most artists feel drawn towards the great romance. Mr. W. H. Robinson was one of the latest to try his hand upon it; that was in 1897. There were also illustrated editions in 1893 and 1895. The drawings by Cruikshank and by Sir John Gilbert were reproduced in 1884 and 1882 respectively. Many think that, of all modern draughtsmen, Doré was perhaps the best interpreter of "Quixote."

The recent celebration of the centenary of the birth of Thomas Aird should do something towards stimulating an interest in his works, of which only the "Poems" can be said to have survived, though no doubt the "Religious Characteristics" and the "Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village" are occasionally read in the Free Libraries by loyal Scots. The latest edition of the "Poems" known to me is that of 1878, to which a memoir was prefixed. Is it now in print?

In view of the public recognition which it is proposed to extend to the Rev. John Mackintosh, I may record that his "History of Civilisation in Scotland" was first published between the years 1878 and 1888, and that it was reprinted in four volumes between 1892 and 1896. This book on "Scotland" (Fisher Unwin) came out in 1890; his "Historic Earls and Earldoms of Scotland" in 1898.

The following list of publications by the new Professor of Modern History at Cambridge may be useful to some of my readers: "The Later Roman Empire, 395 A.D.-800 A.D." (1889), "A History of the Roman Empire, 27 B.C.-180 A.D." (1893), "History of Greece to the Death of Alexander the Great" (1900 and 1902), the now well-known edition of Gibbon's "Roman Empire" (begun in 1896), and editions of Pindar's Odes (1892 and 1900) and Byzantine Texts (1898).

The appearance of a translation of Guy de Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean," in Mr. Heinemann's "Century of French Romance," reminds one that that publisher already had on his list an English version of that novel, made by Clara Bell, and issued in 1890.

In reply to Mr. Gollancz, I may mention that the reprint of "Dorothy Osborne's Letters" which appeared in 1893 was a reproduction of the Parry edition.

A correspondent writes: "I notice that, on the title-page of Mr. Sidney Lee's 'Queen Victoria,' the author is described as 'editor of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.''" Is this not just a little unfair to Sir Leslie Stephen, who was sole editor of the first twenty-one volumes of the 'Dictionary,' and joint-editor of volumes xxii. to xxvi. (inclusive)? We all know, of course, how considerable and valuable have been Mr. Lee's labours in connection with this truly national publication; but Sir Leslie's early service as editor ought not to be wholly ignored, as it is on the title-page of 'Queen Victoria.' In this, I feel sure, Mr. Lee will agree with me."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Saintsbury's Way.

A HISTORY OF CRITICISM AND LITERARY TASTE IN EUROPE. By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. From the Renaissance to the Decline of Eighteenth Century Orthodoxy. (Blackwood.)

ON the general scheme and tendencies of Prof. Saintsbury's "History of Criticism" we said our say at some length, when the first volume was published, almost exactly two years ago. Our opinion is unaltered. The book still seems to us extremely valuable as a survey and "atlas" of the wide and little trodden field of critical theory, and extremely dangerous, from its bias of hedonistic psychology, and its resolute attention to the qualities which make literature merely "good" rather than to those which make it "great," as a guide to critical theory. It skills not to fight this battle over again just now, more especially as Prof. Saintsbury declines the gage, and, "after full consideration of the matter," offers no comments on the criticisms of his first volume. Nor need we again dwell at length upon the almost maddening irritation which Prof. Saintsbury's manner of writing has the gift of arousing in us; upon its gambols and its pedantries, its irrelevance of allusion, its firm determination, at whatever cost of slang or other affectation of speech, to be anything but academic. There is one terrible paragraph, which begins with the statement that a certain book is "'to-deled'" (as the author of the "Ancrén Riwlé" would say) into three books," goes on to refer to "the irreption of rhyme into Greek and Latin poetry," and indulges itself in a foot-note about an author who "perstrings this as well as other things in his fling at" an opponent. We are no sticklers for the academic tradition in letters; but we do feel that there is something to be said for plain, honest, straightforward, and dull English in a work of erudition, at any rate if the alternative entails "to-deled," "irreption," and "perstrings."

The scope of the present volume, as Prof. Saintsbury claims, admits of more unity of treatment than did that of the last. It covers three centuries, the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth, and practically sees the beginning and the end of the great neo-classic theory of criticism which reigned supreme throughout Europe, and of which the chief names in England are Dryden, Pope and Johnson. The history of this theory has its three stages of growth, dominion, and decay, which correspond pretty closely to the three centuries dealt with, and enables Prof. Saintsbury to dispose his matter into three books and to wind each up with an "inter-chapter" of general comment and retrospection. It will be interesting to give here, although it is rather long, the summary of the "general critical creed," developed by the Renaissance and crystallizing ultimately into the "eighteenth century orthodoxy," which finds place in the first of these "inter-chapters":—

On the higher and more abstract questions of poetry (which are by no means to be neglected) Aristotle is the guide; but the meaning of Aristotle is not always self-evident even so far as it goes, and it sometimes requires supplementing. Poetry is the imitation of nature; but this imitation may be carried on either by copying nature as it is or by inventing things which do not actually exist, and have never actually existed, but which conduct themselves according to the laws of nature and reason. The poet is *not* a public nuisance, but quite the contrary. He must, however, both delight and instruct.

As for the kinds of poetry, they are not mere working classifications of the practice of poets, but have technically constituting definitions from which they might be independently developed, and according to which they ought to be composed. The general laws of Tragedy are given by Aristotle; but it is necessary to extend his prescriptions of Unity so as to enjoin three species—of Action, Time, and

Place. Tragedy must be written in verse, which, though not exactly the constituting form of poetry generally, is almost or quite inseparable from it. The illegitimacy of prose in Comedy is less positive. Certain extensions of the rules of the older Epic may be admitted, so as to constitute a new Epic or Heroic Poem; but it is questionable whether this may have the full liberty of Romance, and it is subject to Unity, though not to the dramatic Unity. Other kinds are inferior to these.

In practising them, and in practising all, the poet is to look first, midmost, and last to the practice of the ancients. "The ancients" may even occasionally be contracted to little more than Virgil; they may be extended to take in Homer, or may be construed much more widely. But taking things on the whole, "the ancients" have anticipated almost everything, and in everything that they have anticipated have done so well that the best chance of success is simply to imitate them. The detailed precepts of Horace are never to be neglected; if supplemented, they must be supplemented in the same sense.

Such are the propositions round which practically the whole of the regular critical discussions of the period under consideration centred, whether in Italy, France, or England. Prof. Saintsbury argues against an under-estimate, mainly due to the influence of Matthew Arnold, of the contribution of our own writers not only to classical criticism, but to criticism in general. In particular, he mentions that during these centuries in which French and English critics "worshipped the same idols, subscribed the same confessions of faith, and to no small extent even applied their principles to the same texts and subjects," it is not only untrue, but the direct contrary of the truth, to say that they "ordered these things better in France." Dryden seems to him a head and shoulders above Boileau, just as in a later age Coleridge seems to him a head and shoulders above the Schlegels, or, in one still later, Matthew Arnold himself at least a match for Saint-Beuve. Certainly, in the volume before us, the body of English criticism dealt with forms no small part of the whole; nor, amongst the memorable books dealt with, are there many that excel in importance Sidney's "Apology for Poetry," Ben Jonson's (how we wish Prof. Saintsbury would not always call him "Ben"!)" "Discoveries," Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," Addison's contributions to the "Spectator," Swift's "Battle of the Books," Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

No one, and least of all, we suspect, Prof. Saintsbury, will contend that the absolute value of all the critical writing between Plato and Aristotle and the end of the eighteenth century is great in any reasonable proportion to the spilt of ink upon it. At bottom criticism must be inductive, must call psychology to its aid, and must start with a wide investigation into the actual modes of expression which, in all times and ages, the common literary instinct of all humanity has found for itself. Now neither the ancients, nor the mediaevals, nor the folk of the Renaissance ever made this induction. In the cases of the ancients and the mediaevals, the material was not, for one reason or another, available for comparison. The Renaissance writers could of course have got at it. They had at their disposal not only the total achievement of Greece and Rome and of the middle ages themselves, but also the fresh vernacular literatures that were springing up in every country of Europe around them. But as a matter of fact it was Greece and Rome alone that they regarded. Dazzled by the glamour of the new-found classics, they wantonly limited the scope of their enquiries, took their aesthetic psychology at second-hand from Aristotle, and neglected induction for deductions from the practice and precept of authorities whose own inductive basis was inadequate. Consequently their systems were vain, and their influence upon actual literary production, so far as it extended, pernicious. One speaks, of course, of the critical orthodoxy. There were heretics as, thank heaven, there always have been and always will be; and if there are illuminating utterances in the period before us, they are not those

of the system-mongers, but those of the actual craftsmen of letters, reflecting in their moments of tranquillity upon the principles which, half unconsciously, ruled their ardours. Sidney's "Look in thy heart and write" is worth his "Apology for Poetry"; and Milton's own description of poetry as "simple, sensuous, passionate" is the very life-blood of the "Paradise Lost."

A New Poet.

SALT-WATER BALLADS. By John Masefield. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

If there had been no Kipling, this would have been a book of remarkable originality; and with all its undeniable, its obvious obligations to Mr. Kipling, it is a remarkable book as it stands. Mr. Kipling has set the model in regard to style, as he has done for so many books of ballads; but this has a note of personal energy, personal force, and personal experience, lacking in the crowd of Kipling-begotten ballads which yearly leave the press. The writer knows his sailor life, and knows it home; and what is rarer, he has the artistic power to get the quality of it into his verse, to make his lines savour of the thing they handle. These poems have the brine in their timbers and are green with weed; the wind shrills in them, they are hearty and strong with the tarry vocabulary of sailor-folk—not clipped and essenced for shore-use and the pretty lips of pretty ladies. Mr. Masefield goes a trifle further than Mr. Kipling in his use of unedited language; but on the hither side of decency we may as well have the real thing if we are to have it at all. This is the ring of him—and we wish we had space for all this "Cape Horn Gospel":—

Jake was a dirty Dago lad, an' he gave the skipper
chin,
An' the skipper up an' took him a crack with an iron
belaying-pin
Which stiffened him out a rusty corp, as pretty as you
could wish,
An' then we shovelled him up in a sack an' dumped
him to the fish.
That was jest arter we'd got sail on her.

Josey slipped from the tops'l-yard an' bust his bloody
back
(Which comed from playing the giddy goat an' leavin'
go the jack);
We lashed his chips in clouts of sail an' ballasted him
with stones,
"The Lord hath taken away," we says, an' we give him
to Davy Jones.
An' that was afore we were up with the Line.

All the rest were sailor-men, an' it come to rain an'
squall,
An' then it was halliards, sheets, an' tacks, "clue up,
an' let go all."
We snugged her down, an' hove her to, an' the old
contrary cuss
Started a plate, an' settled an' sank, an' that was the
end of us.

We slopped around on coops an' planks, in the cold an'
in the dark,
An' Bill were drowned, an' Tom were ate by a swine of
a cruel shark,
An' a mail-boat reskied Harry an' I (which comed of
pious prayers),
Which brings me here a-kickin' my heels in the port of
Buenos Ayres.

I'm bound for home in the "Oronook," in a suit of
looted duds,
A D.B.S. a-earnin' a stake by helpin' peelin' spuds,
An' if ever I fetch to Prince's Stage an' sets my feet
ashore,
You bet your hide that there I stay, an' follers the sea
no more.

It is nothing—a most hackneyed narrative; but the telling makes it fresh and breezy as the sea itself, which is also hackneyed, yet unstaled. We only object that Mr. Masefield is inconsistent about the omission of the final participial "g." We should have wished to quote also the true salt-water humour of the first "Cape Horn Gospel" (ours is the second); but quotation from this book is too seductive, once we begin, and moreover Mr. Masefield has another side. Besides these sailor-yarns, he can write verses in the literary language which are full of a sweet and open poetry, simple yet with a true charm. Some have a note of magic, others show not a little power of imagery; most exhibit the genuine poet. The weakness which prevents us from giving the fullest meed of praise is that most are also a little derivative, suggesting now this poet and now that. One echoes with curious closeness and ability an individual poem of Mr. A. E. Houseman's. Others are no less felicitous echoes of Mr. W. B. Yeats's style.

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

That and the poem which it opens are a charming recollection of Stevenson's manner. "On Eastknor Knoll" has this fine stanza:—

A bright white star blinks, the pale moon rounds, but
Still the red lurid wreckage of the sunset
Smoulders in smoky fire, and burns on
The misty hill tops.

"Rest her soul," with its beautiful first stanza, has already been quoted in the ACADEMY; but we may close this notice with the last two stanzas of "Davalos' Prayer":—

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and
thunder,
In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope
and spar;
Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll
me under
To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned
galleons are.
And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and
hearing,
Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the
sea's foam
About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering
Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of
home.

The book contains little in either of Mr. Masefield's veins which is without vitality; and our last word on it would be that it is eminently a virile and vital book.

Chatty and Leisurely.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus. 24s.)

THIS is a History of the Reign of Queen Anne. Its historical value, it seems to us, is figured by a chance fact. Having to cite the correspondence between Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. McCarthy, instead of quoting the letters themselves, quotes a quotation from them by Hill Burton—who also wrote a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne." Again: "We find in Coxe's 'Life of Marlborough' that amongst her intimate friends she [Anne] occasionally called the King the Monster, Caliban, or the Dutch Abortion." Coxe, you observe, is cited as though he were an original authority; there is not a pretence to consult the sources of his statement. And we must be thankful that the book thus frankly proclaims itself what it is—an unashamed compilation of the most superficial kind, with no attempt at personal research, and no more

permanent value than a school-book in two volumes. In this connection, we may note that the first volume of Mr. W. Sichel's brilliant study of Bolingbroke (dealing with the career of Bolingbroke under Queen Anne) has been for something like a year before the public. It brought forward new evidence and suggested a new view of Bolingbroke. In any history of Anne's reign published since, though it is open to the writer to reject Mr. Sichel's conclusions, we should expect some notice of that evidence. But Mr. McCarthy's account of Bolingbroke proceeds placidly on the old lines, without apparent consciousness that Mr. Sichel's book exists. Nevertheless, though we note this fact, it would be unfair to attach any decided blame to him in the matter; for it is at least possible that the present book was written before Mr. Sichel's appeared. We cannot say that the substance of this history is redeemed by style or treatment. The style is tepid and dilute, without force or character: it dawdles on with a diffuse and gossiping picturesqueness, a mild sense of dramatic effect, such as are dear to mental shirkers and loafers. Since these are in the majority, the book will very likely be popular. Nor would it be just to deny Mr. McCarthy certain merits. He has, as we have intimated, in his own leisurely way a sense of the picturesque and the dramatic, and can make his history attractive to the ordinary reader in a chatty way, begotten of practised journalism. As a journalistic article his chapter on the London of Queen Anne (for example) would be quite meritorious; and the book as a whole has the qualities and limitations of journalism. But it is the journalism of a passing day: the "smart" and quick journalism of our most advanced modern papers would disdain the slovenly grammar and verbose style which marks the book as a whole.

The crowded period of Queen Anne is here chiefly of interest to us as a great literary epoch, the boasted "Augustan age" of English letters. The comparison is fair. Elizabethan England has more affinity to Greece than Rome; while the London of Anne has much in common with the Rome of Horace. If the literary period of Elizabeth was brilliant, that of Anne was glittering. There is about it a cold, metallic lustre. Imagination and passion fire the first; over the second is the frigid light of the lower reason, unelevated by intuition, unwarmed by feeling or imagination. One feels that rationalistic influence in the very manners of the time; their superficial polish only brings out their cold hardness and innate coarseness. The conception of love, one might almost say, is lost; when a poet of the time addresses his mistress, as De Quincey remarks, "the odious creature asks her to 'ease his pain.'" But in its lower and essentially prosaic kind, it is a period extraordinarily fertile in great energies; in great statesmen, generals, authors, and writers.

At their head, as though he were the tutelary genius of the age, a more than Mæcenas, stands the great figure of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke. Dazzling statesman, brilliant writer, one of the most splendid and accomplished orators who ever swayed the House of Commons, illustrious writers gravitated to him as their native centre; and he played the patron of letters in the grand style. But though Bolingbroke was the most illustrious, he was not the sole patron of letters. In that age a taste for letters and an enlightened patronage of literary men was considered essential to the character of an accomplished nobleman. It had been so in the days of Elizabeth, when courtiers like Sidney and Raleigh wrote their names broad across the bed-roll of English literature. It was so even in the days of the second Charles, when that sauntering king spared an hour from his mistresses and his ministers to offer Dryden suggestions for "Absalom and Achitophel"—much more liberal, indeed, of his suggestions than his money. Even Dutch William's courtiers retained a tradition little honoured by their master; and Anne's

reign saw the splendid sunset of our lettered aristocracy. Then—

Who could have dreamt
That times should come like these!

The day was not yet of "our young barbarians, all at play," and aristocratic ministers to whom their ignorance of letters was a boast. It was nigh at hand; the advent of the sausage-headed Hanoverian kings struck the first blow at literature, and set the fashion which has steadily grown to our modern result. Bolingbroke, who made a last gallant stand for the Tories, made also a last gallant stand for letters, with the brilliant band he gathered about him in the "Craftsman," recalling the palmy days of the "Examiner." But that was the end; and an occasional nobleman like Chesterfield (himself a survivor of the "Craftsman" band) or Walpole's *dilettante* kinsman, Horace, could not long perpetuate a dying tradition.

But in those days of Anne it shone with splendour. The game of politics was itself conducted in the grand style: the debates of both Houses brought forth speeches which were works of literature, orations fit to stand beside the great oratory of Rome and Greece. Parliament, indeed, long preserved the literary tradition which had otherwise lapsed. But it was not mere taste which made the aristocracy patrons of letters. Literature then was in power, as it had not been before and has never been since. It held the power which has since passed to the press: the pamphlet took the place of the newspaper. Hence writers were courted by politicians, and called to the table of ministers. That was, in truth, the age of great journalism. The political pamphlet was a leader on a large scale, and it was written by masters of English prose.

It was an age of great prose writers; so fertile in this kind that it could afford to consider Defoe a mere literary drudge, though he possessed a style which might have been the glory of an age less rich. Of poets, it had but the admirably deft society-verse of Prior, and the no less admirable minor satirical verse of Swift—which Byron told Trelawney he found so good to steal from, as well he might. Pope did but make his bow to this age, his glories were for the next. It was an interregnum between Dryden and Pope. But because it was an age of great prose-writers, it has left us the form and body of itself as no previous age had done, in the absence of the novel. We know the London of that day, no longer the beautiful mediæval city, seated on fair waters, nor the picturesque city of Elizabeth; yet not all petrified to smoky brick and stone. Life in it has a romance for us, though splendour and coarseness strangely jostle. The West from Hyde Park onward is open country, and habitations cease at Whitechapel Church on the East. The suburbs are suburbs indeed, and you have still easy access to green fields. At your breakfast-table you have the new number of the "Spectator," with a paper by Addison. Instead of a 'bus or the Underground, you call a boat, and are rowed up the river to town, amidst a hubbub of cries from the craft around and the interchange of abusive chaff by passing boatmen, much as with our 'bus-drivers now. You hear from the men you meet the news of the day—how the country tires of my Lord Marlborough and his wars, how 'tis affirmed for certain Marshal Berwick has beaten us in Spain, at a place called Almanza; or you are asked if you have seen the witty new copy of verses which Dr. Swift has set about—they are very severe on the men in power. If you know fashionable people, perhaps, like the Doctor himself, you trifle about in the hopes of an invitation to dinner. Or failing that, perhaps Mr. Spectator himself takes you off to see Sir Roger de Coverley, newly come to town, at his chambers in Soho Square. For Soho Square, let us tell you, is in the centre of fashion. You will see the fine ladies stopping their sedan-chairs to speak to some beau, with their hoops and brocade and immense

edifices of powder and pomatum. But you little imagine the dirtiness of those fine madams at home; and the streets are strewn with filth, and at the bottom of fashionable Drury Lane are dung-heaps, where once was found the body of a murdered child. And at night you may think twice of venturing out alone; for the wild Mohocks are abroad, with yells and brandished rapiers, perhaps having finished beating the watch, and looking for a man to pink or a woman to roll down-hill in a barrel. And that Mr. McCarthy can tell you all this (as he does, let us acknowledge, very well) we have to thank that age of illustrious writers who have made their day a book for ever open to us.

Queen Victoria.

QUEEN VICTORIA: A BIOGRAPHY. By Sidney Lee. (Smith, Elder.)

To write the life of the late Queen was no easy task. Facts there are in abundance, the general material is full and, for ordinary purposes, practically exhaustive; but to evolve from the mass an ordered, discriminative, and just biography required special qualities of judgment and selection. Mr. Sidney Lee, fortunately, has those qualities; his biographical notice of Queen Victoria which was published in the "Dictionary of National Biography" in 1901 proved it, and this volume, which is practically an amplification of that article, is an additional proof. Mr. Lee says in his preface: "My endeavour has been at all points to present facts fully, truthfully, and impartially, but I hope I may claim to have written in a spirit of sympathy as well as in a spirit of justice, and to have paid fitting consideration alike to the public and to the private interests involved." That the author has succeeded in this endeavour there can be no doubt. Perhaps no book of its kind, dealing with a great personality and a great period, and published, as it were, in the heart of that period, has ever been so simple, so frank, so free from excessive adulation or petty gossip. There are things which we could have wished omitted, just as there are things included which seem unessential; but, on the whole, Mr. Lee has accomplished a difficult task with remarkable discretion.

We do not propose to notice the book at length; our readers have already probably seen as many long reviews as they care to read. We wish only to refer to such passages as record Queen Victoria's taste in art and literature. She was primarily a woman of the widest human and domestic sympathies; the fact is both implicit and explicit in almost everything that she did. She was also a woman of affairs, thoroughly alive to the tendencies of public opinion as well as to certain deeper national matters on which public opinion only spoke after the event. Her limitations were personal; on questions of policy she was broad and sound, with those womanly intuitions which count for so much in every phase and rank of life; on the recreative side of things, in matters of taste and critical knowledge, she might have learned much from many people who do not even pay income tax. Mr. Lee writes:—

The Queen's artistic sense was not strong. . . . She was not a good judge of painting, and she bestowed her main patronage on portrait painters, like Winterhalter and Von Angeli, and on sculptors like Boehm, whose German nationality was for her a main recommendation.

The only "master's" studio she ever visited was Lord Leighton's, whose "Procession of Cimabue" the Prince Consort had bought for her. Royal patronage of art may be good or bad; Queen Victoria was frankly no patron of art. In many ways we must regret this; we are almost inclined to say that it is the duty of a sovereign to do what may be possible for the artistic expression and record of her time; but at any rate Queen Victoria, if

she did not encourage the really great, did not as a rule make pets of the altogether bad.

In the matter of literature the Queen was, perhaps, rather more discriminating, though her knowledge was very limited. Mr. Lee says:—

She was not well read; but she emulated her husband's respect for literature, and took a serious view of reading as an amusement. In her later years a book was usually read to her late at night before she retired to rest, and although she enjoyed novels of various kinds, especially those of a melodramatic complexion, she deemed it right to alternate fiction with works of more serious aim.

Mr. Lee tells us that the novels of Miss Florence Montgomery, by reason of their "simple pathos," particularly attracted the Queen, and that Mr. Merriman's "Sowers" gave her much pleasure. But the most interesting fact is that "probably she derived as much satisfaction from Mr. Marion Crawford's books as from those of any contemporary writer of fiction." It is rather difficult to associate a taste for such a book as "Misunderstood" with a liking for "Marzio's Crucifix," but there seems to be no standard in such matters either for queens or Mudie subscribers. Of "Middlemarch" she wrote, "after all, fine as it is, it is a disappointing book. All the people are failures." That indicates a point of view, but it is a point of view which touches neither real literature nor real life.

Above the Average.

AUTO DA FÉ AND OTHER ESSAYS. By the Author of "Essays in Paradox," &c. (Longmans.)

THE author of "Essays in Paradox" has a restrained, adroit, and attractive style. He is a man of education and of ideas. But his tendency is more and more towards the futility of paradox. In the titular essay of this new book, he treats of persecution in a manner which resembles the manner of the logic-chopper. Beginning with a quotation from James Martineau, about persecution—"Its essential feature is this, that it addresses itself to the will, and not to the understanding; it seeks to modify opinion by the use of fears instead of reasons, and motives instead of arguments"—he fastens on the two words "fears" and "motives," and after a few pages of ingenious dialectic arrives at the surprising conclusion that "there is nothing else in life but persecution." And, of course, if you sufficiently twist the meaning of "persecution," the statement is true enough. He says:—

Take a simple illustration. If one saw a deaf friend or neighbour walking straight to a precipice, and there was no means of attracting his attention or no reason to suppose that he would stop if he was warned, would it be right under these circumstances to use force to prevent his death? There can only be one answer to that question.

This is stated with all the air of a discovery in ethics, but for ourselves we are unable to perceive the appositeness of it. (And why must the deaf person be a "friend or neighbour"?) By a manipulation of Dr. Martineau's definition, the essayist brings the saving of the deaf man's life within the same category as the Spanish Inquisition, but he decidedly does not throw any new light on the subject of persecution. Nor does he thereby support, finally, "this paradoxical conclusion": "Persecution is not only not a wrong to others, but is their right. It is the duty of those who have the truth and the power to enforce it, to propagate it by all means—by sowing, but by ploughing too. And those that will not persecute when the occasion demands it, because of their poor scruples, are guilty of a crime to their fellows and a dereliction of duty to God." Our essayist ought to be perfectly well aware that if words are to carry their ordinary meaning such a maxim as the foregoing would merely revoke the progress of a couple of centuries; and that if words are

to bear an unusual significance specially devised for the dialectical occasion, the whole argument is little but a rather tiresome rigmarole.

The main outline of the "Auto da Fé" essay, indeed, is beneath the author's level; but the thing is partially redeemed by some of his digressions. For example, this passage on the divine "revelation" which, in the author's view, justifies persecution, is somewhat striking:—

My quarrel with those who claim inspiration for the Scriptures is, that their demands are not large enough. All great books are inspired. Every man is in a small way a prophet or seer. There is a revelation to every conscience. It is this little reflection of God in the mirror of man's conscience that makes him human. We none of us can abdicate the functions of priest and lawgiver. Those who do, sink to the level of beasts that perish. Those who do not must persuade mankind, and to do so they must argue if necessary, although argument goes but a little way into a man's being; they must entice even; but they must upon occasion threaten, they must persecute. The sceptre is not a hauble, but a very perilous weapon. It is in commission of all men from God. If you use your power ill, it is not only a crime committed on others, but it is suicide of self. No man can have power and wrap it up in a napkin; it must be used—at your peril.

Another essay not quite as good as might have been expected is that entitled "Mind and Memory." It begins: "I daresay everyone knows that if you shut the shutters of a room, so as to make it quite dark, and then bore a small hole in one of the shutters, pictures of the scenery outside would walk into the room. If you hold up a sheet or a piece of white paper behind this hole, there on the sheet or the piece of paper is a facsimile of the outside world, only it is upside down." And on the next page comes the expected, the inevitable: "It has seemed to me that the mind itself might be just such an aperture between the dark room of this world and the light world which is in God's presence . . ." &c., Which is too facile in its fancifulness, too reminiscent of a third-rate sermon.

Much better, more original, and more suggestive, is the essay called "Nothing in Common." The force and piquancy of this observation cannot be denied:—

There is nothing more common than to hear a man or woman say of someone else, "We have nothing in common," and it is somewhat strange that it is usually commonplace people who say it. And this commonness is so common, it is surprising to hear them declare themselves isolated from some other commonplace person.

The book includes some "essays in fiction" which as sketches have a certain charm, but which are scarcely fiction. We have made strictures on the work. At the same time we cannot conclude without remarking that it is the production of a mind not undistinguished. It must not be confused with the average posy of essays on things in general.

Other New Books.

GEORGE MEREDITH. By Walter Jerrold. (Greening.)

MR. JERROLD calls his little book "An Essay Towards Appreciation"; and perhaps that may be the tendency of it among people who know nothing of and care nothing for Mr. Meredith's writing. For all others the book is too indiscriminating to be taken into account. Rarely have we found an expositor so unenlightened. At the outset there is a little sketch of Mr. Meredith, beginning with the usual allusion to "an unpleasant development of journalism" in which "no matters concerning public men and women are too trivial, or too far removed from the truth to be printed, and presumably to be avidly read by

a certain section of the public"; and ending by quoting religiously whatever of these scraps have come the author's way. Even at this sort of game he might have played better. Other letters of Mr. Meredith's, printed, some with, some without, Mr. Meredith's permission, might have been added to those here reproduced. Again, instead of the meagre statement that "in journalism, it is said that Mr. Meredith was for some time leader-writer on an East Anglian newspaper—I should like to study its columns," Mr. Jerrold might have mentioned the valiant attempt made to reclaim these weekly paragraphs hall-marked "Early Meredith," and the record of that attempt as published in a magazine. For the rest, each page of the book tells us that two and two make four, varied, in one place, by the suggestion that poems of sixteen lines really ought to count as sonnets of fourteen. Of "One of our Conquerors" we are told somewhat contradictorily that "it is a thoroughly characteristic story of the writer's, although in it there is accentuation of his least admirable literary qualities, his fondness for bovrilising thought—if I may be forgiven the word—into so small a compass of words that the sentences are really too 'meaty.'" How jejune! and how little to the purpose beside that simile which Mr. Meredith has himself used, whereby he compares the rather tough thought and writing of an author to the meat on a bone which indeed gives the dog trouble to get, but which the dog relishes in flavour all the more for difficulty and delay in the getting.

"BY ALLAN WATER": THE TRUE STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE.
By Katherine Stewart. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS is a careful reconstruction from researches made in old records, pamphlets, and local gossip and histories, of certain portions of the lives of a family of Stewarts, who lived for several generations in Brigend House, by the bridge over Allan Water. In Scotland this narrative has already had a certain measure of success, and in a prefatory note Prof. David Masson says of it: "Here and there the interest is in the form of a kind of optical fascination, which is a rare thing to be able to say of any piece of narrative or description."

This is high praise, and the particularity of the local knowledge and of past minor Scottish history would naturally give the book a very real interest to Scottish readers. But it is doubtful whether this careful compilation, with its absence of all vivid, actualizing qualities, could possess any widespread attraction in England. The material, perhaps, is there, but the manner is lacking. The style alone would aggravate the average reader. As often as twice or three times in a page events are interrupted by an appeal to "the intelligent reader," "the gentle reader," "the quick-witted reader," while the writer herself is referred to as "the intelligent storyteller."

At the same time this picture of a small village's career, carried on through several generations, throws many interesting sidelights upon the intense and bitter divisions caused by the political history of the time, when families were sundered according to their adherence to the fugitive Stewart king, or their secession to the new dynasty come from Holland to the throne of England. The account also of the strenuous religious life of the period is full of valuable information both from the point of view of history and from the point of view of psychology.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE. By Edmond Holmes. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS series of sonnets in the Shakespearean form would disappoint us less if there were in them no prompting of expectation. But in many there is a measure of individual idea which lifts them out of the merely

commonplace, and (together with the writer's evident poetic culture) lures us to look for really fine sonnet-work. It does not come. The expression is without inevitableness, still more without magic: any well-read versifier could have compassed it. Nay, it often lacks even the distinction of taste which is within the power of a refined craftsman, inspiration apart. Mr. Holmes is at the same time given to the use of imagery, and yet notably lacking in the gift of figurative speech. He is possessed by the novel discovery that love is a fire; and sonnet after sonnet plays about this image in a vain endeavour to extract from the squeezed-out figure something new. Far be it from us to say that this or any the most withered image cannot bud again at the touch of a strong poet: but Mr. Holmes is not that poet; and the greatest poet might shrink from making this the staple of his imagery throughout a long series of sonnets. It is scarce an exaggeration to say that Mr. Holmes does this:—

Yes; I could glow with all the fire of youth;
Yes; I could glow with passion's fiercest flame;

begins one sonnet. Turn a few pages, and—

O flames of passion, will ye never die?

we read. Such lines show not only the poet's poverty of imagery, but his curious lack of distinguished expression. Curious, because he is capable of such graceful idea as in the following sonnet:—

I love thee, Dearest, for thine own dear sake,
Not for the sake of love; for love to me
Came in thy guise, and bade my heart awake
From dreams of love's delight to love of thee.
Not for love's sake but for thy very own;—
Yet Love, immortal Love is well content
That I should love thee for thyself alone,
Since thy sweet self is love's embodiment.
Not for love's sake I love thee, but for thine
I love my dream of love—the vision fair
That lured my footsteps to Love's altar-shrine,
And taught my heart to kneel in hope and prayer;
Till Love at last unveiled his hidden grace,
And gazing upward I beheld—thy face.

Here the speech is mostly direct; and Mr. Holmes does himself best justice, we think, when he is most free from figurative language.

IN MEMORIAM, THE PRINCESS, AND MAUD. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by John Churton Collins. (Methuen. 6s.)

THIS edition of the three principal poems belonging to Tennyson's middle period, by Mr. Churton Collins, may be commended as decidedly a good edition. Besides introductions to each, it supplies at the foot of the page the numerous variants which Tennyson's meticulous labour in revision has bequeathed to us, a sparing amount of notes, and a citation of parallel passages from other poets. In an edition for the general reader, these last were doubtless advisable and will be found useful, in the case of a poet who drew more on the singers before him than any poet since Milton; though the scholarly reader would rather have such identifications left to his own observation and discretion. We may, however, regret that Mr. Collins has given in smaller print a stanza of "In Memoriam" which was inserted at a later date than the bulk of the poem. A foot-note would have been enough to advertise the reader of such a fact: as it is, the small print is intrusive and annoying, conveying at first a misleading impression that the stanza is a lyric separate from the body of the poem. The introductions are good as a whole, though in the critical portion we scarce think the editor shows at his best. His precise and objective mind does not shine in appreciation. That (for instance) "The Princess," as a whole, "is not likely to maintain either

its attraction or its interest," and that "the strained artificiality of the style becomes very wearisome in so long a narrative," are opinions we hardly think sympathetic or valid—far though we are from ranking the poem high amidst Tennyson's work. But this matters not much. The strictly editorial portion of the work is done well, and Mr. Collins has exercised an excellent restraint in his commentaries, without sacrifice of adequacy.

A LONDONER'S LOG BOOK. By the Author of "Collections and Recollections." (Smith, Elder.)

IT is no secret that the agreeable rattler who has been diverting "Cornhill's" readers with the papers reprinted in this book is Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Month by month the Log was amusing enough; in book form we are surprised to miss the entertainment, and to find instead a certain hardness and vulgarity. The satire, now that from thirty to thirty-one days no longer intervene between the chapters, has a coarse ring, and we have been not a little tired by Mr. Russell's endless comments on church matters and small politics. His observation is too good for anything he writes to be valueless, and indeed this book is of a value that will increase with the years, for it is a genuine social picture. Mr. Russell has caught and secured not a few types and marked very clearly not a few social follies. In a hundred years or so "A Londoner's Log Book" may be discovered and be re-issued with notes. Meanwhile, though it is not a good book, one may loiter over it with a half smile. The parody of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's diary is cruel, but entertaining.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. By I. A. Taylor. With 12 Illustrations. (Methuen.)

IN this charming little biography Miss Taylor retells the tale of a great adventurer—we use adventurer in the right sense of the word—but not always so did Raleigh's contemporaries. They sniffed at his pedigree, especially when he went out of favour with the Queen. No man made and wrote so much history as he; in that history as he lived it are great passages of human drama, and, as he wrote it, great passages of prose. These outlived the rancour of all his enemies. Perhaps it is as a husband that Sir Walter shines least; yet on this score the evidence is hardly less meagre than that on which he was condemned for treason. Miss Taylor has contrived to secure for her text a double and rare advantage—the charm of enthusiasm with the temper of impartiality. She does not make any parade of "discoveries," but her book has a constant freshness of feeling, so that a certain air of novelty invests her narratives of familiar things.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. By Frederick Douglas How. (Isbister. 6s.)

THIS is an example of the amiable biography which does not count; such value as it possesses lies entirely in its collection of facts. As a reference book, therefore, it may be of some service; as an estimate of a great personality, the record of a career in relation to its time and the influences of its time, it is entirely without distinction or discrimination. The book is full of such personal details as the readers of certain magazines love. Thus we read: "To his servants he is always extremely considerate, but, as may be supposed, undemonstrative. Probably no one in his service has ever been admitted to the familiarity which is sometimes allowed between master and servant of old standing." Then there follows a story about a butler. For people who like this kind of thing Mr. How's book will no doubt serve its purpose. For ourselves, it is the kind of book which we could very well do without. It is uncritical, ill-balanced, and very poorly written.

Fiction.

HIDDEN MANNA. By A. J. Dawson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is, and has always been, in Mr. Dawson's literary personality, a literary self-consciousness which drives him into rather annoying tricks. He begins this book with an "advertisement" to the reader, in which he says: "If I were ashamed of my work, be sure you would never know it—the work or my shame. No; I cannot belittle the story, because it represents whole working years of my life." On the other hand, out of modesty he cannot praise, and so, we assume by arrangement, a friend (distinguished in literature, but anonymous) writes a laudatory preface addressed to the author, and this preface Mr. Dawson prints. The entire rignmarole was unnecessary, and its lightness of tone does not disguise the fact that it is an impertinence.

Mr. Dawson's literary mannerisms increase. The pages are studded with locutions like "by your leave," "from out the," "were" for "would be," and other Dawsonisms. The pages are also studded with transliterated Moorish words, sometimes accompanied by footnotes, which are very irritating, and serve no real purpose. Further, the whole narration is circuitous, digressive, overwrought, and self-complacent. During the first half of it, the reader experiences the baffled sensations of one who has to listen to an elaborate discussion of people and affairs with whom and with which he is unacquainted. All these are superficial indiscretions and clumsinesses, but they would mar the effect of even better books than "Hidden Manna."

Mr. Dawson's pictures of Moorish life are vivid and sympathetic, and he does not spare himself in labour. He seems also to know well what he is talking about. But this book, like most books of his, is marred by a fundamental lack of distinction in the conception of the theme, and by a certain sentimentality in the execution. "Mordant Dogget was a brilliantly clever young artist of the impressionist school." What of Mr. Dawson's limitations does not that sentence disclose! Throughout the book, in the murderous jealousy of the Shareef's English wife, in the episode of Fatimah, in the death of the half-caste hero, sentimentality is implicit. The thing is clever, sometimes glitteringly so; it may be factually true in its picturesqueness; but it is never imaginatively authentic.

CECILIA: A STORY OF MODERN ROME. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. CRAWFORD's new story, though its sub-title painfully recalls the two much discussed novels set in that city of which the public has recently heard so much, has nothing in common, either in manner or matter, with this school of fiction. "Cecilia" is the story of two men and a girl, and is destitute of all political and sermonizing pretensions. To a large extent it is a study of telepathy and self-hypnotism, but though the unexplained is touched upon, the atmosphere of the story remains simple, and almost tranquil, throughout.

Cecilia, an heiress, and the man Lamberti meet for the first time only to realise that they are already perfectly familiar with one another. The girl has dreamt of him all her life, and from that meeting each commences to dream of the other every night,—the same dream,—and both awake to hear their doors close softly as if after someone's departure, though both invariably lock themselves in upon retiring to rest.

Lamberti is a sailor—"a born fighting-man, who had seen much active service in remote parts of Africa, China, and elsewhere." Upon the commencement of the dreams he not unnaturally consults a nerve specialist, but is found completely sound in mind and body.

The girl meanwhile has become engaged to his greatest friend. The marriage is near before she realises that she is passionately in love with the man of her dreams—the man she kisses every night in a state of trance or self-hypnotism. Then there is trouble, but in the end the lovers whom fate has pre-destined apparently for one another are allowed to be happy. The second man has, of course, to suffer. In life, unfortunately, there is always someone who has to do that.

Mr. Crawford handles his subject with all his usual ease and dexterity. "Cecilia" never rises to any great height of emotion or excitement, but it is in some ways all the more comfortable reading for that. The reader with leisure to dispose of goes on steadily from page to page, without skipping incessantly to know the issue of each successive entanglement; with a less placid treatment this would inevitably have resulted.

THE WEIRD O'T. By M. P. Shiel. (Richards. 6s.)

IF any single statement can be made positively of the erratic and unreliable author of "Prince Zaleski" and "The Purple Cloud," it is that he has style. Yet in this excessively wordy novel of between seven and eight hundred pages we have discovered not more than three or four sentences to support that assertion. Mr. Shiel is a writer of originality and undeniable power; he might, if he happened to find himself in the proper mood for a sufficient length of time, produce a masterpiece of fanciful, tempestuous fiction. "The Purple Cloud," had it kept throughout to the level of its best, would have been such a masterpiece. But parts of "The Purple Cloud" were crude, weak, and artistically vicious. "The Weird O't" on the whole resembles, we are afraid, the worst parts of its predecessor. It comprises the history of several families, and touches hastily on most things in modern life, from Easter magic and snobbery to the craft of Sherlock Holmes, and the institution (chiefly fictional) of the *mariage blanc*. We could not attempt even a hint of the plot, complex with, literally, hundreds of intricate and breathless episodes. The book is decidedly not good, but it could only have been written by a man who was capable of writing a good book. It does not convince. It never once convinces. The characters do not live; the observation is awry, and the emotion is factitious. It reads as if it had been dashed off in a fury of scribbling, in the night, as Count Fosco dashed off a floorful of little white sheets covered with large caligraphy in "The Woman in White." Quite three times during his career Mr. Shiel has aroused interest and some enthusiasm in the hopeful bosoms of those who watch for talent. But "The Weird O't" is in our opinion a failure. It is deeply and essentially wrong. It induces tedium, and then annoyance, while a sense of the author's capacity is never absent. We cannot account for its amazing length, nor for sundry other of its qualities. To have read it is to have the illusion that one has read it in a nightmare.

SACRILEGE FARM. By Mabel Hart. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is one of the eerie order of tales built up round the committal of a mysterious murder. The story is apparently told by an old, tender-hearted woman, once servant to the principal people concerned. "Marget," as the servant is called, goes to be maid at "Sacrilige Farm" and attendant to the young widow of the man, at first supposed to have been accidentally burnt to death in a customary fit of drunkenness, and subsequently known to have been murdered. The widow lives with the savage, embittered father of her dead husband, and a silent, broken man Jethro, the latter's cousin. As for the little childlike widow, there was "an abiding fear always in her eyes," and early in the story it is evident that these two men regard her as the murderess, and that both are endeavouring

desperately—though for very diverse reasons—to shield her from the penalty of her crime. The old man, hating her, fights for the honour of their name; the young one because he loves her. The girl meanwhile is under the delusion that Jethro himself had killed her husband, and until five minutes before his death at the end of the book this impossible game of cross-purposes is allowed to go on.

The sentiment of the book also is forced and unnatural. That the young widow should go and denounce herself to the old man as his son's murderess, simply because she had once wished him dead while in agony at his brutalities, grows ridiculous when the deception is maintained persistently through the whole volume. But during the course of the story we get also, propounded with the utmost seriousness, the theory that a woman who has once sworn always to love her husband, and then finds herself subsequently obliged to loathe him, commits a sin tantamount to actual murder. After that it is impossible not to suppose that the author is still a very young lady. However, in spite of faults, and much false sentiment, "Sacrilege Farm" is moderately exciting reading, plot and not character being at present at any rate the material the writer handles best.

THE WHOLE DIFFERENCE. By Lady Annabel Kerr. (Sands. 6s.)

THIS is one of the dullest books we have read for a long time. It tells the story of an unhappy marriage between a strong-minded and unpleasant Protestant lady and a weak-minded, extremely foolish Catholic gentleman; and it occupies nearly four hundred pages in pointing a moral to the tale. The moral seems to be that this sort of marriage must inevitably cause strife and discord; and certainly, nothing could be much more unpleasant than the perpetual family quarrels that form the main substance of the book. Family quarrels, to justify their place in fiction at all, at least require to be done with humour and a certain lightness of touch; but the family quarrels in "The Whole Difference," though ridiculous enough in a sense, are never in the faintest degree amusing. Nor are the people who quarrel more attractive than their actions; for we have rarely met with such a complete absence of charm as we find in the members of the Venn family, from the ungainly Swithin down to the anæmic Magdalen. The girl cousin, who comes to live with them, and is, we are told, so attractive as to win the heart of the most eligible bachelor of the neighbourhood, does not strike us as being much less dull than the others; for, though she abstains from quarrelling, she preaches instead, and that has almost as depressing an effect upon the story. However, as Baldur Roy, the eligible bachelor, argues as much as Joan preaches, we suppose they do not find each other so dull as they appear to us; and so, Baldur having become a Catholic after a confused chapter of self-questionings, they are married and live happily ever after. And since this brings the dreary book to an end, we have no objection to his very convenient and opportune conversion.

DULCINEA. By Eyre Hussey. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

It is impossible within any reasonable space to sketch the plot of "Dulcinea" (which is the name of an ill-looking but thorough-bred mare). The story begins with an amazingly coincidental meeting on Westminster Bridge between Michael Lawrence and Kitty Henderson, who had not met for six years, and Mr. Buckle whom Michael saves from a cab accident. Michael's father had once befriended Mr. Buckle. Now, Mr. Buckle was a bookmaker of philanthropic instincts, and he had founded the Fighters' Aid Society; that is to say, with the profits drawn from bookmaking, he lends a hand to deserving people, such as Kitty and Michael, who only want capital to command

success. Now, there is a good idea. But the author refuses to follow it out naturally. He is too fond of coincidences, divergencies, and improbabilities. Kitty Henderson, who is merely in the showroom department of a dressmaking emporium, is asked to tea with titled customers, is given mounts by them in a hunting county, and rides Dulcinea with striking success. Even Mr. Buckle, the bookmaker, we find as a guest at the Junior Carlton, and an intimate in the most exclusive houses of the Tinbury country, which seems a trifle irregular. But this is but a single facet of a somewhat confused story. Mr. Hussey has mixed up three or four passable plots and not mixed them well; for the reader is puzzled to find the thread; and Mr. Hussey, though he writes fluently, is not great enough to dispense with a plot.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SPLENDID IDLE FORTIES. BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Mrs. Atherton has included in this volume the stories of the old-time California which composed her previous book, "Before the Gringo Came." The old stories, however, have been revised, and several new ones have been added to the list. It is probably unnecessary to say that Mrs. Atherton treats of the social life of California before the Spaniards were driven out. In "A Ramble with Eulogia" the author says of her heroine: "Her cynical brain informed her stormy heart that any woman must succumb finally to the one man who had never bored her." (Macmillan. 6s.)

GLENGARRY DAYS. BY RALPH CONNOR.

The work of this Canadian author requires no more introduction now on this side of the Atlantic than it does on the other. The present volume is a school story and contains many of those sketches of the hard North which have won readers for the author of "The Sky Pilot." One of these is a description of a bear-hunt, and another "The Final Round" of a game of Shinny on ice. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE LAST BUCCANEER. BY L. COPE CORNFORD.

The subject of this book is suggested by the title. The scene is laid in the eighteenth century. The following passage shows how the Buccaneer regarded the Habeas Corpus Act: "It was like a dream to be sitting in that strange place, with the girl watching us, and the old buccaneer discussing, between mouthfuls, the question of our death or purchase as though we had been a brace of poultry." (Heinemann.)

THE CITY OF CONFUSION. BY C. B. WOOD.

In this book the author makes a vigorous attack on the existing state of things in the Anglican Communion. The following perhaps exhibits the tone of the book as well as anything else: "'I once really insulted the bishops,' he said, 'by describing them on a public platform as theological experts. I heard afterwards that several of them were much hurt.'" (Sands. 6s.)

THE LIFE IMPOSSIBLE. BY A MEMBER OF "PAGET'S HORSE" AND J. P. L.

This is rather a grim tale of a change of identity following the recent South African campaign. The book is "smartly" written and has the obvious defects of its qualities. Some of it, however, is undoubtedly the work of a man who has had "his eye on the object." The description of the riding tests in the chapter entitled "Horses" is well done. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

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The Challenge of the Experts.

IN no region ruled by the Expert, save that of the physical sciences, has specialisation been carried so far as in modern history. It is a commonplace that the accumulation of available documents has proceeded so rapidly that even the infinite intelligence of a Regius Professor is discomfited and abashed. "Modern history," wrote Mandell Creighton, "in this resembles the chief branches of Natural Science; before the results of the last experiments can be tabulated and arranged in their relation to the whole knowledge of the subject, new experiments have been commenced, which promise to carry the process still further." The late Bishop of London, to whose energy nothing was quite impossible, also said that it was "hard" to keep pace with the progress of research. But the less sanguine editors of the "Cambridge Modern History" roundly assert that the erudite achievement of the last fifty years in history "surpasses by far the grasp of any single mind." Hence the specialisation and the super-specialisation of historical experts in the present day, when the meaning of the verb to "know" has been so intensified that a historian cannot arrive at "knowledge" of events in less time than the events occupied in occurrence. Ten years to "know" a period of ten years, say of Elizabeth or Cromwell, and twenty to know twenty! And the result is an expert hierarchy, a whole world of experts, understood only of itself, sufficient to itself, existing apparently by and for itself, and apparently indifferent to the human world below.

What does the plain man think of this hierarchy? He probably thinks nothing. The gap which separates him from the expert is seldom bridged by the imagination of either. The plain man's imagination would in any case be unequal to the effort. The imagination of the expert, though frequently agile and amenable to his volition, does not move with ease beyond its particular sphere, and the greater its feats in that sphere the less is it inclined to undertake any exterior exertion. Consequently the expert and the plain man exist apart, and, like acquaintances who have moved up and down in the scale of rank or riches, they forget each other. Ask the plain man what is the final aim of all this ferreting into parchment, all this laborious dissection of dead intrigue, all this grouping of infinitesimal facts—and he would frankly confess his ignorance. He would say that he supposed it served some useful end. Now the real ultimate function of the historical expert, his reason of being, his excuse, his utility to the commonweal, are not so clear and palpable as to be set forth lucidly and convincingly in a sentence or so, and we shall make no attempt here to set them forth. We may, however, say that a part of the expert's function is to hand down, or cause to be handed down, to the laity the broad results of his labour. We do not say that this direct dissemination of mere factual knowledge is the chief, or even principal, mission of the historical expert. But it is part of it, and when duly rendered it has, like the

coronation of a monarch or the progress of a Lord Mayor, a ceremonial or spectacular quality which is valuable and perfectly legitimate.

In the spirit of this idea, we have conceived the "Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton and edited by Messrs. A. W. Ward, P. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes, as a sort of grand and magnificent challenge from the historical experts. We have conceived them as gathering together in the cold, self-critical mood which must, we fancy, follow the ecstasies of a protracted orgy of research, and saying to one another: "At the back of the lay mind is a curiosity, a slightly inimical curiosity, regarding the object of our lives, a doubt of our usefulness, perhaps an interrogation as to our right to exist as we do. Let us throw down the glove, let us challenge public opinion, let us prove that we are not ploughing sand." And then a silent interval, broken only by the scratching of pens, and then the stately and solemn issue, volume by volume, of the "History," with the proud message written between the lines of its title-page: "This is one result of our work. Read it, Europe, and decide whether we are worth having."

And who is to decide? Not the plain man, not even the individual known as the well-informed man. These would be unequal to the task of a decision, though they might derive pleasure from the perusal. In casting about for a non-expert person to judge the value of the historical experts' work from the point of view of the intelligent tax-payer, we can think of no one so suitable as a serious novelist of modern manners. His qualification is that while free from the acquired limitations of the historian, he is an expert of style, of the imaginative faculty, and of the motivation of human conduct—which is the basis of history. A secondary advantage in his favour is that he will not be intimidated by the formidable range and grasp of the work, because he knows enough of the possibilities of sustained effort to enable him to perceive that an enterprise such as the "Cambridge Modern History" is far less miraculous than it seems. Further, his ignorance of the subject, while a cultured ignorance (if we may be pardoned the expression), is probably as complete as that of the plain man. In other words, he is strictly a non-expert, and therefore not liable to take sides. The ignorance of history on the part of all who are not historians, is one of those facts, terrible and amusing, concerning which the whole of civilised humanity agrees to maintain a conventional lie. We are all supposed to know the main outlines of history, to have read this and that standard work; whereas the truth is that few of us have done so. Few know English history, or the hundredth part of it. We may have read Green, once—skipping towards the end. But, honestly, who has read Froude, Freeman, Macaulay? Which among us could answer the simplest inquisition? As for European history, or the history of the New World, as for a conspectus of the vicissitudes of a continent—the idea of any non-expert, even a serious novelist whose foible it is to be omniscient, possessing it, is grotesque. The serious novelist of our fancy, therefore, may be relied on to approach Lord Acton's conception with a blank mind, a mind like a photographic plate, sensitised, but previously unexposed to the light!

We think that the serious novelist will be favourably impressed by the first volume of the evidence which the experts have collected in favour of their usefulness and their right to exist. Mandell Creighton's exposition, in five superb pages, of the plan and scope of the work, and his defence of the arbitrary division of history into ancient and modern, must necessarily strike him as a finished piece of craftsmanship. And by the time he has read Mr. Payne's two monographs on "The Age of Discovery" and "The New World," he will be inclined to say to the historians, "Go in peace. If this is

what you can accomplish, continue in accomplishment." Speaking for a moment for our serious novelist, we would venture to remark that Mr. Payne's essays are masterly, and masterly in a humane and understandable manner. His summary of the activities which culminated in the notorious feats of Columbus and Vasco de Gama; his demonstration of the truth that as, in Bacon's phrase, Truth is the Daughter of Time, so the Renaissance was the daughter of Geographical Discovery; his broad indication of the effect of colonising on religious toleration and the growth of intellectual freedom—these and many other parts of his work can scarcely be overpraised. Of the seventeen contributors to the volume, we think that Mr. Payne is the best, and it was a fortunate accident that he should come first. But we rate highly many of the others. The Rev. William Cunningham's monograph on "Economic Change" will open up a new channel for the agile ideas of the serious novelist. His statement of the origin of capital, or rather of the discovery of the uses to which capital could be put, is fascinating, suggestive, and—we think—practically valuable. Mr. H. G. Wells has asserted that the sole aim and justification of science is prophecy. He would probably say nearly the same of history, and he would be right. And if so, if mankind looks at the past in order that it may look the more clearly at the future, then these representative historians of the "Cambridge Modern History" are, in our view, doing their work on the proper lines.

The volume is a little unequal—it would be too much to expect perfect evenness throughout eight hundred pages. Since we have praised the more excellent, we will animadvert upon the less. We do not, for example, consider that Mr. L. Arthur Burd's monograph on "Florence: Machiavelli" has the characteristics of style, breadth, and imagination which the best history should disclose. We see here relics of the "old" historical mannerisms, a tendency to catalogue instead of grouping, and a certain tendency not to see wood for trees. But we admit that Mr. Burd had an exceptionally difficult period to handle. Finally, we think that the serious novelist will hold a strong opinion about the matter referred to in the following passage from the editorial Preface: "That no place has been found in this volume for a separate account of the development of the pictorial, plastic, and decorative art of the Renaissance, may appear to some a serious omission." It will. To the serious novelist it will appear an inexcusable omission, for it is an omission not minimised by any satisfactory parenthetical or secondary accounts. Not the authority of the late Lord Acton, nor the frivolous excuses of the learned editors, will deter our novelist from asserting dogmatically, as a truth so clear as to need no proof, that its neglect of the fine arts is a grave blot on this volume which professes to deal with the Renaissance. It argues that even to-day the historian's conception of history is scarcely adequate. Nevertheless the first instalment of the "Cambridge Natural History" is a noble apologia.

The Author and Himself.

Pierre Loti and "Le Livre De La Pitié Et De La Mort."

M. HENRI BONNEMAIN has quoted a phrase, attributed to Pierre Loti when quite a child: "Toujours se lever, toujours se coucher, et toujours manger de la soupe qui n'est pas bonne!" This expression at once of satiety and of want is curiously typical of the French naval officer who is also a member of the Academy. As a man he seems to be haunted by his childhood, dominated by the memory of familiar places, fascinated by the smiles on lips

long dead. And the fatigue of life which came to him in childhood is with him still. The fatigue and the same strange persistence in searching for the unknown emotion: the restlessness which drives him to the ends of the earth and the unconquerable fidelity to one corner of the shore of France. Very few writers are less reticent as to the intimate details of their lives, and yet very few writers possess the innate reserve of Pierre Loti. "Et qui sait?" he exclaims, "en avançant dans la vie, j'en viendrai peut-être à écrire d'encore plus intimes choses qu'à présent on ne m'arracherait pas,—et cela pour essayer de prolonger, au delà de ma propre durée, tout ce qui j'ai été, tout ce que j'ai pleuré, tout ce que j'ai aimé." Eventually the moment came when these intimate secrets found expression, and then he speaks as though indeed the words were being torn from his lips.

Like Turgenev, like George Eliot, he too is "pessimiste et tendre," but he has neither the irony of the one, so exquisite and so elusive, nor the reflective power of the other, so sombre and yet so human. For the ideas and the emotions of childhood have remained with him in the teeth of after experience. He wanders over the world seeking the blue rose, but he gathers only the common rose of weariness. He seeks everywhere for some antidote to the poison of disillusion, but always it is "de la soupe qui n'est pas bonne."

It has been said that the chief personage of "Pêcheur D'Islande" is not this or that Breton fisherman, but the sea itself. Certainly Yann and Sylvestre are living human beings, but it is in the sea itself that one must search for the mirror reflecting the soul of Loti. It is, moreover, not as a portrait-painter, but as an artist exquisitely sensitive to the moods of nature, that this author has his *raison d'être*. It is not as an annalist of the present that he holds us, but rather as one for whom the present and the future are but dimmer phases of the past. In the unrest and the permanence of the sea such an one will inevitably find a source of inspiration. That is why, in the innumerable travels of Loti, there are, before and beyond all others, two places: *le foyer* and *la mer*. And since Hugo's endowment of the sea with the swift, cruel genius of the human race, there has been no utterance of its mysterious secrets like that of "Pêcheur D'Islande":—

Is this the mighty ocean, is this all!

How differently the French child approaches for the first time the sea which he seems to recognise. "Puis, tout à coup, je m'arrêtai glacé, frissonnant de peur . . . Nous restâmes un moment l'un devant l'autre, moi fasciné par elle." The egotism of this description, Titanic as it is, pales before that phase of imagination which is a part of the memory, not so much of the individual as of the race. Loti has found the enigma, the eternal devourer and the eternal suppliant. Like an Undine she woos him with a despairing tenderness, desiring at once to caress and to slay. Like an Undine her torment is to discover the secret of the want within her, the secret which no mortals will ever reveal to her however she may draw them to herself. The child stood and faced her, and already he knew that she was waiting for him through the long years. And from that moment the fascination of the sea, which is neither love nor terror, but rather a subtle blending of both, has never left Pierre Loti.

"Ce livre est encore plus moi que tous ceux que j'ai écrits jusqu'à ce jour," he writes in the preface to "Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort." They sound simple, almost trivial, the titles of the sketches included in this volume: "Chagrin d'un vieux Forçat," "Vies de deux Chattes," "Veuves de Pêcheurs," "Tante Claire nous quitte." Here there is little suggestive of that "littérature exotique" in which Loti is so technically proficient. On the contrary, there is something almost naïf in the limpid simplicity of these pages. Two cats live, and their story is written down, "Pour mon fils Samuel quand il saura lire." Our

own Mr. Fairchild might have written a tale with some such title in the ordinary routine of his paternal banalities. But with Loti the sketch vibrates with the mordant suggestiveness which it is the curse and the triumph of genius to create for itself. Life seems tinged for us with a new mystery; old problems look less rigidly settled; there seems to be more doubt as to the efficacy of the two-and-two-make-four habit of thought. For, from the vistas of a cat's luminous eyes, Loti has caught the impotent protest and the ceaseless question which are the secret of his own despair. In "Tante Claire nous quitte" we reach the ultimate note of pessimism and tenderness, the final expression, as it were, of the "besoin de lutter contre la mort," even upon the threshold of death. For, like "la mer," "le foyer" is permeated by the atmosphere of approaching doom.

Daudet and "Le Petit Chose."

It is the habit of people in general, and of not a few critics in particular, to substitute for an analysis of a writer a superficial synthesis of his works. Applying this method to the works of Alphonse Daudet, one finds that there are no less than three novelists of that name. There is the Daudet of the "Tartarin" series, the author of "Froment jeune et Risler aîné" and the author of "Sapho." This line of thought, developed to its logical result, gives us the absurdity of a formula. The formula disposes of a man who claimed to be "entirely subjective" as the Daudet of Dickens, the Daudet of Thackeray, and, finally, the Daudet of Flaubert.

Even if there be a plausible shrewdness about all this, it does not in the least explain the Provençal who became a Parisian, the troubadour who became an analyst of passion. It is true that there is about the figure of Tartarin much of the irrepressible gaiety of Dickens' earlier work. There is in "Froment jeune et Risler aîné" a suggestion of the cold irony of Thackeray, refracted, as it were, into a more emotional atmosphere. While, finally, there hovers, about the implacable doom of "Sapho" something of Flaubert's Olympian detachment. But in none of these cases is the parallel really just. The artistic aims of Daudet were utterly alien from those of Dickens. His French logic, applied to sentimentality, was antagonistic to the sardonic reserve of Thackeray. Even in the pages of "Sapho" flashes of southern sunlight intrude, flashes which never illumine the grey tragedies of Flaubert.

There are, however, in his work these three distinct ways of looking at men and things. Moreover, in one unequal book it is quite possible to discern the germ of each phase of artistic presentation. Of "Le Petit Chose" Mr. R. H. Sherard quotes Daudet as saying: "I wish that I had waited. Something very good might have been written on my youth."

Alphonse Daudet did write a book on youth after he had waited. It was "Pour mes Fils quand ils auront vingt ans":—

Pour animer le marbre orgueilleux de ton corps
O Sapho, j'ai donné tout le sang de mes veines.

There is the essence of the sinister warning from the lips of one who has lived, but in "Le Petit Chose" one catches the actual voice of youth pleading for the right to live.

In this book are expressed both the joy and the fear of life. When an author has divined these two emotions at twenty-five he has, artistically, the more to inculcate from intuition, for the very reason that he has so much to learn from experience. In "Sapho" the author seems to recall the voices of the past to which he listens without illusion and abandons without regret. In "Le Petit Chose" a human soul is listening for the vague promptings of the future. What will the magic years bring to him for whom quite ordinary places are already haunted? What message will

there be for him who is already dominated by the mysterious cult of beauty?

The outline of this story is compared, of course, to the outline of "David Copperfield." It is indeed the same and not the same. The book is not crowded with living figures, as is the masterpiece of Dickens. There is in it nothing like the richness of humour and pathos that is to be found in the English novel. Daudet, who gave, not with the superb bounty of Dickens, but with far greater delicacy, has not placed upon this book the stamp of his best workmanship. None the less, it is "something very good." Like "David Copperfield," it shows us that vague search for something which in the distance appears to be the veritable crown of life. And for le Petit Chose himself?

Think of the "Celebrated Satyr" of Praxiteles, and imagine him to have been imbued with the torment of art as well as with the vitality of the earth. This radiant being watches with artistic interest the sorrow he cannot share, and studies the burden of the common life from which he is excluded. And gradually there arises within him the desire to share the toil and experience the sorrow, and a soul comes to him. That is how le Petit Chose became a man. The common burden was too obvious for him to retain his divine insouciance; he must take his share of it, and his sacrifice was the surrender of his art.

"Dans le fond de son coeur, le petit Chose donne une dernière larme à ses papillons bleus." So, after all his hopes, the years brought him domesticity and the quiet certainty of duty. But to the real Petit Chose, to him who surrendered his art only with his life, this apparent sacrifice to duty gave a new and more virile power. It is, indeed, at this stage that there is to be seen in Daudet something of the mordant restraint of the author of "Vanity Fair." Long afterwards, when years of physical pain had burnt in a harsher reading of life's message, we find the quondam Petit Chose sharing to some extent the sombre strength of Flaubert. But it must not be forgotten that in this book, the book of his own intimate hopes, the most poignant note of despair, as well as the most illusive dream of "Little What's His Name" have found expression. Not only is it the history of twenty-five years of his life, but it is also strangely symbolic of the after-development of his work. Here, too, rather than in the more finished pages of "Sapho," has Alphonse Daudet expressed the enigma of his life.

"Where there is Nothing."

MR. W. B. YEATS'S latest drama, "Where there is Nothing," which has been published as a supplement to the "United Irishman," is subversive and revolutionary enough to please the most advanced. Mr. Yeats here ranks himself among the reformers, and his methods are the methods of Ibsen, yet with a difference. Ibsen is strong, is cruel, is obdurate; in the redemption towards which he would lead us he never falters. His disciples follow him along the road of rebellion towards justice by means of what is commonly called injustice, or towards truth and freedom even in the teeth of crime. Mr. Yeats points along the same road of rebellion, but it is music by which he would lead us, music that he bids us listen for at the far goal. The voice of the poet is the voice which speaks to us by the way. Law? Order? They must indeed be overthrown, for there is an order which is greater, the order of love. Duty? But there is beauty. Sobriety? What is that when there is the hot fire of imagination rioting in a man's head? Wisdom? But there is the irresponsibility of folly first. The Earth? But there are the stars. The world? But there is God.

And so he says "the Christian's business is not reformation, but revelation"; the revelation of the world, as it first came to mankind, which was the image and beauty of God. "Jesus Christ created in the hearts of men a terrible joy," a joy above law, order, governments, and churches: walls must be broken up and men must go back to the joy of the green earth, the dark and the dawn, for "the changing Heavens and the many coloured fields" are God's love—here again we listen to the music—the will of God within them and His love over and about them.

And so Paul, the hero, first leaves the ancestral home and its comforts, and joins the "houseless people" as a tinker, wandering always through the land, with a tinker maiden as his wife, with whom he has "lepped the budget" in tinker marriage fashion. The wandering, casual music of the spheres leads him on until, worn by illness and exposure, he is brought by his brother tinkers to the shelter of the monastery door. In the monastery he learns the kingdom of Heaven as it is within a man's heart by prayer and fasting, but the music calls him on, a sudden light shines above the light even of vigil and prayer, a voice bids him follow a higher law than even the servants of God would impose—there is God Himself the "lawless Unity." The religion that a man needs is "wholly supernatural." Sadly the monks fall away from him, for they love him well; but they know God through the symbols of the Church alone; and once more he wanders forth with three faithful followers, who only painfully and partially divine the doctrines which he teaches, loving much but understanding little. Even these desert him at the end when, accusing him of witchcraft, the mob rush in with uplifted sticks.

His old friends the tinkers find him in the ruined abbey by the river, waiting for death, "the last adventure, the first perfect joy, for at death the soul comes into possession of itself and returns to the joy that made it." And thus the music guides us to the end, and while the cloud removes Paul out of our sight, we have, as it were, the lingering notes in the distance beyond the stars, mingling with the keening and the tears of Sabina, the tinker maiden, and her fellows.

Mr. Yeats is a poet first and last, a true poet. He may raise politics to a point to which they are seldom raised, and politicians may do well to hear with their ears and understand with their hearts and heads: he may inculcate in the children of the Celts a faith in the old gods of Ireland: he may follow magic down its most occult and devious paths: he may teach men to eschew war and crime, and to love dancing and laughter, but he will do it all, not with the weapons of a reformer, but with the wand of a poet—not as a practical leader of men, but, as he himself says, as a revealer of "the things that never can be accomplished in time," by the music that lives in men's hearts, which concerns itself little with good governments or bad, but which is eternally alive in the joy of their souls, alive, and new, and fresh, though the world may grow old.

Impressions.

X.—One Winter Night.

It was half-past ten at night, foggy, slushy, and bitterly cold. A few flakes of snow were falling, as the Charity Organisation Society official and I beat our way against the north-easter to a west-end slum, where he was due to make an enquiry. Once we stopped. It was in front of the blind wall of a place of entertainment where the patrons of the cheaper seats wait, in queue, for the opening of the doors. Just above, protruding from the wall, was a verandah: below was a grating through

which hot air from the laundry furnaces or kitchen fires ascended. Standing on this grating close together, with hands outstretched to the warmth, a score or so of outcasts were huddled. The wind screamed round the corner, piercing through their rags. These wretched men and women stared at us dumbly, and at the figure of a blind man who passed slowly up and down that line of misery crying not "matches," nor "bootlaces," nor "pity the blind," but this: "He openeth deep things of the spirit to them that love Him." These words he repeated slowly and often, tapping with his stick on the pavement. I still hear the rattle of his stick and his hoarse voice crying those words from out his darkness: "He openeth deep things of the spirit to them that love Him."

Across the road was a fried-fish shop. "No," said the official, "even conditions like these must not affect the principle of alms-giving. I have never spent a penny in indiscriminate charity, and never will. The State is prepared to feed and house them. If you give them food it will merely delay their going where we want them to go, where they should go."

We walked on to the slum where he was to make his enquiry. I waited an hour, in shelter, and thought of happy sights I had seen in the country that day—a yellow-hammer perching on a rail, and then flying off, a flash of colour, into the sunlight; a heron circling above a pond, and settling on the bough of a tree; a duck waddling down the bank, and seating itself, astonished but composed, on the ice, as if it were an arm-chair; a yellow road, powdered with snow, shining up and over the brow of a hill, lighter than the sky; the crescent moon hanging above the fir trees.

When the official came downstairs, we went out again into the night. The theatre people had gone home, the streets were bleak and bare, the wind had risen, but that warm air from the grating was still rising. There were double the number of outcasts huddled together waiting—for what? The blind man had disappeared, but across the way the lighted windows of the fried-fish shop steamed with vapour that said "Food! food!" I insisted. It was too late. A movement of expectation swept over the outcasts. They saw, as we saw, two men and a woman, well dressed, approach. Slung on a broom-handle were two pails full to the brim of hot pea-soup. The woman carried a cup.

That foolish trio passed joyously down the line, dipping and giving. The official frowned.

Drama.

Second Cousins to the Worm.

I THANK heaven that I do not see life as Captain Marshall sees it. After a night with the "The Unforeseen" at the Haymarket, I feel as if I had been studying the incalculable attractions and repulsions of animalculæ beheld through a microscope, or walking in one of those weird worlds imagined by Mr. H. G. Wells, amongst specimens of a neo-human type which the process of evolution has robbed of its pineal gland or some other equally important spiritual organ. Captain Marshall's hero and heroine are, I suppose, meant to be an ordinary decent man and woman; yet, at all critical moments of the play, they seem to me to behave, not so much with a disregard of, as with a singular and fatal insensitiveness to, the point of honour. They are what has no doubt been described before as soul-blind. I can conceive no more damning indictment of an emotional play, in which, whether it is to issue as tragedy or as romance, it is an essential that the characters whose emotions we are asked to share should be able, whatever their failures and whatever their

misdoings, still on the whole to claim and retain our sympathies. "The Unforeseen" leaves me disbelieving in the heroine and wanting to kick the hero. It will, perhaps, make the gravamen of my criticism clearer if I offer an imperfect analysis of the highly ingenious plot. Margaret Fielding, forbidden by her father to marry Harry Traquair, takes her destiny into her own hands and joins her lover in Paris. It is a perfectly honourable and straightforward transaction; but almost immediately after her arrival, one Captain Haynes, a friend of Traquair's, who has seen him enter the hotel, makes his appearance, and in the embarrassment of the moment Traquair introduces Margaret as his wife, although as a matter of fact the wedding is not until the morrow. From Haynes Traquair learns, quite casually, that the bank in which all his property is invested has burst. Margaret is a high-hearted girl, and shows herself ready as a matter of course to "play the game." But Traquair is unmanned and allows his real self to peep out. He whines and bemoans the fate with which he has no idea of grappling. As for marriage, he will certainly not saddle himself with that under the circumstances. Immediately afterwards he changes his mind, but Margaret, to whom the real self has come as a revelation, declines to renew her offer. She will rejoin her people, who have supposed her to be passing through Paris and will never know how nearly she stayed there altogether. This she does, and Traquair, as he has previously threatened, commits suicide. Margaret, safe in the bosom of her family, keeps her own counsel as to her connection with the "tragedy" and no suspicion falls upon her. But, not unnaturally, she lives in fear of a meeting with Captain Haynes. What she does not know is that Haynes had had a companion with him in Paris. The Rev. Walter Maxwell had gone to Paris to consult an oculist, had watched Margaret, himself unseen, as she stood with her hands behind her head upon her balcony, and had heard from Haynes that her name was Mrs. Traquair. Shortly afterwards he had gone blind. So that, although he was the vicar of the very parish in which the Fieldings lived, he had no opportunity of identifying the charming and sympathetic Miss Fielding with the lady of the balcony. Need I say that Maxwell and Margaret fall in love and marry? Margaret, however, still keeps her counsel about her perfectly blameless sojourn in Paris. The next event is the return of Haynes, who has been unkind enough to change his name, and is thus sprung upon the unsuspecting Margaret as an old friend of her husband. After a rather good "fencing" scene, he shows that he has recognised her, but, for a reason that will appear presently, does not denounce her. But a still more dangerous and "unforeseen" crisis is at hand. The only blot upon the happiness of the Maxwell marriage is Walter's blindness. He has never, it will be borne in mind, to his knowledge, seen his wife. In Act iv. he has been through a successful operation in London. Margaret, all in a tremor of expectation, awaits him in the Vicarage drawing-room. After the first passionate embrace, he pulls aside the blinds and steps back to gaze upon his wife. Suddenly, as she stands there, with her hands behind her head, the lady of the balcony dawns upon him. He at once puts the worst construction upon her presence in Paris, and upbraids her. The idyll is on the point of crumbling into fragments, when Haynes enters, and by the production of a letter to himself from Traquair, written immediately before the suicide and detailing all the circumstances, brings Maxwell to his wife's feet in tears of repentance.

I have confined myself to the serious issues, and have said nothing about the comic relief, of which there is a good deal, but which did not happen to take my fancy. Perhaps I was prejudiced by the introduction in the first few lines of the old, old joke about the gentleman who invariably spoke French to the waiters in Paris, and was

invariably answered in English. In any case humour is emphatically one of those things about which *non est disputandum*. Nor need I dwell upon the highly artificial nature of the devices, the blindness in the one case, in the other the change of name, by which the blows of the "unforeseen" are brought down upon Mrs. Maxwell's head, although these may reasonably be considered to stretch the plausible to the extreme limits permissible even in a comedy of intrigue. What I carry away from the play is, as I said, an amazed sense of the congenial incapacity which all the characters display for doing the straight thing. Why did Captain Haynes not produce the document in his possession as soon as he first recognised the *soi-disant* Mrs. Traquair? Why did Margaret, who was conscious of innocence, and wanting neither in brain nor courage, not tell the whole business out to the man she loved and who loved her, at the time they were married? I object to these people being made, against the real laws of their nature, to creep and crawl, merely in order that Captain Marshall's plot may not come abruptly to a close. But most unpardonable of all is the extraordinary collapse of the Rev. Walter Maxwell. Here is an apparently high-minded and hard-working minister of religion. He has been married long enough to know what manner of woman his wife is. A shadow of suspicion crosses his mind against her, and instead of flaming up in her defence, instead of even giving her a chance for explanation, he at once passes from suspicion to certainty, and accuses her of having been another man's mistress. I do not believe that clergymen are such worms. It is the kind of stroke that one would expect in a cynical parody by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Only Mr. Shaw would have meant it, and I very much doubt whether Captain Marshall even sees it.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Alone in a Gallery.

I WAS quite alone in the Gallery. On the walls (it was at Messrs. Lawrie's in Bond Street) were twenty-seven "notable" pictures belonging to Sir Cuthbert Quilter, who has generously lent them in aid of the King's Hospital Fund. The charge is one shilling, but as for the best part of an afternoon I had the gallery to myself, it is to be feared the charity will not materially benefit. In the silence I asked myself two questions: Do the public really care about pictures? If you owned this collection, what degree of pleasure would it add to your life? The first question answered itself at once; an answer to the second would follow later. Meanwhile the solitude gave me an opportunity of reconsidering my attitude towards Fred Walker; Turner and Rossetti, not as seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, but as picture-makers; and Mr. Holman Hunt. The value of this collection of pictures at auction did not concern me; their interest as depicting a certain stage of a painter's career I ignored; Mr. Spielmann's preface I read and put by after noting that among all the collectors of pictures in London he knows "of none endowed so richly as Sir Cuthbert Quilter with the gift of catholicity of taste," and that he finds himself able to use such an expression as "the lovable school" of Fred Walker, Pinwell, &c. This preface I put by; no doubt it is to the advantage of the public to be told that "Turner's wonderful *rifacimento* of Titian is one of the most extraordinary *tours de force* of the artist," and that Rossetti's "La Bella Mano" adds "a rich note of romantic poetry to the exhibition," but I wanted to evade the teacher and to answer my own modest question: "If you owned this collection, what degree of pleasure would it add to your life?" With that intent I placed a gilt-backed chair

before each canvas in turn, and there sat for ten minutes gazing and reflecting.

My task was nearly ended when two men entered the gallery. They were elderly: they looked successful, and their conversation, which was not carried on in a whisper, proclaimed that they were connected with the arts. It was not easy to fix my attention on the pictures: one of the remarks, a question I overheard, made it impossible—this: "Have the British public learned to stand Fred Walker yet?"

Could I be dreaming? No! The speaker was real, and he certainly belonged to the old school. Could it be that to him Fred Walker was still a little new, a little daring, a little experimental? That was so. He still wondered if the British public could stand Fred Walker. Stand him? He has been taken to the public bosom these many years: he is the protagonist of the "lovable" school: his "Harbour of Refuge" calls people to the Tate Gallery: were his "Bathers" to be shown at Whitechapel it would assuredly be at the top of the poll. And for ten minutes that afternoon I had been lamenting my incapacity to derive any pleasure at all from "The Bathers."

I am well aware that this is heresy; that Sir John Millais, large-hearted man, called Walker the "greatest artist of the century," and that George Mason referred to him as the "biggest genius of the present day." But nothing can alter the fact that in "The Bathers" and a few other pictures, Walker is a rank sentimentalist. These bathing boys are posed. Graceful lines, not natural movements, was the artist's aim. He sought beauty, and in seeking it too avidously, he lost truth, and found prettiness. Whatever there is of charm and light in the picture is spoilt by the theatricality of the group of figures. They were born from the imagination, not seen by the eye. You have only to look at the boys' shirts to realise how untrue the picture is. Everybody knows the kind of shirt worn by boys who bathe, higgledy-piggledy, in the Thames. Three of the prominent shirts in "The Bathers" are a beautiful red, a beautiful grey-blue, and a beautiful green. The picture irritates by its untruth, its sentimentality, and its forced prettiness. To own it would not give me any pleasure. Similarly, for me "The Harbour of Refuge" is spoilt by the unnatural grace of the mower. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, in "Patience," laughed that pose off the world's stage. But when the conditions of his subject put the curb on Walker's sentimental idea of beauty, he showed himself to be a great artist. The figures, especially the boy with the hoop, try hard to spoil the charm of "A Fishmonger's Shop": "Philip in Church," beautiful as it is, verges perilously near the sentimental; but "The Street, Cookham," and "The Rainy Day" are a delight to see, and a pleasure to remember.

Neither could I find pleasure in the possession of Turner's "wonderful *rifacimento* of Titian" called "Venus and Adonis," or "The Departure for the Chase." Is there any man or woman living who can place hand on heart and say that this composition gives him or her any pleasure? The goddess sprawls on the bank. Adonis is making ready to start. Cupids sport with doves in the gloomy overhanging trees. For the Turner of the "Téméraire," for the Turner of the watercolours I can shout with the loudest, but this "classical" picture, painted by this "mighty but tottering giant" two years before his death, I should, if I possessed it, turn to the wall. At Christie's, "Venus and Adonis" would fetch an enormous sum, but that shrewd gathering of men who are for ever fingering the pulse of the market judge a work by its rarity, not by its beauty. Neither would it give me any pleasure to see Reynolds's "Nymph and Piping Boy" on my walls, nor Rossetti's dull and dispiriting "La Bella Mano." It would please my vanity to say to a casual acquaintance who had known

me in the days when I framed "Art Journal" plates, "Come and see my Reynolds," or "Come and see my Rossetti," but nothing more. A pastel by Mr. Clausen or Mr. Rothenstein, a drawing by Mr. Hatherell, or the little "Duse" by Mr. Nicholson on my walls would give me pleasure. Fortunately for painters and dealers most collectors think differently.

It is quite evident that space will only permit me to mention a few of the pictures in Sir Cuthbert Quilter's collection. I must leave unnoticed many that give pleasure in varying degrees, and pass on to one that fixed my attention, which has beauty of a kind, interest of a kind, and something more. That was Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat."

It is easy to discover what one does not like in this remarkable picture. The colour is often hard; the articulations on the distant mountains are painted as minutely as the goat's hair; there is no atmosphere; the most learned scientific critic would find it difficult to explain the values. And yet it is a picture that one does not tire of looking at, and that lives in the memory. It is negatively great; that is rare. Nothing is forced, nothing is done for effect. The painter felt the subject intensely, and he has set down what he felt—no more, no less. "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited." It is a picture of desolation. The loveliness of the sunlight reflections on the salt-encrusted shores of the Dead Sea accentuates the loneliness of the scene. Carcasses of animals strew the noisome valley, and in the foreground stands the wretched, bewildered beast, its feet sinking into the slime, its eyes wide open with the agony that cannot understand its own fear. This picture is more than paint: it holds an idea.

My question was answered, but "The Scapegoat" gives something besides pleasure. It has the power to move, to stir.

C. L. H.

Science.

The End of the World.

THE fear of a final catastrophe in which the universe known to us shall perish, has always had a fascination for a certain order of mind, and has exercised no inconsiderable influence on the evolution of human ideas. At the beginning of the present Era, the whole civilized, that is to say, the whole Roman, world was obsessed by this idea, which was held by Stoic and other philosophers quite as firmly as by the Primitive Church. It was, of course, founded on the belief of the nearness of the Second Advent. The Gnostic sects which first tried to bridge the distance between the new religion and culture did much to encourage the belief, and to spread prophecies of the coming time when, as they expressed it, "the perfect number should be made up," and earth and sea should vanish in one gigantic cataclysm. Later, their successors, under such names as Manicheans, Priscillianists, Cathari, and the like, prevented the doctrine from dying out, until in the year 1000, its revival brought about such a lively outburst of credulity that a great part of the population of Europe flocked panic-stricken into the churches and gave up to the priests a great part of their worldly wealth, with the result that a famine put a serious check for the time to the natural increase of the human race. How far the dread of the end of the world has been the cause and how far it has been the result of political agitation, we will not stop to inquire; but it is plain that while, on the one hand, the internecine wars which followed the introduction of Christianity did much to convince men that all human progress was at an end, on the other, the

theory that all distinctions between one class and another would soon be swallowed up in a common calamity has in all ages tended towards an upheaval of the revolutionary forces of society. It has, indeed, been noticed that apocalyptic visions of the end of all things have generally produced a strong hankering on the part of the visionaries after the general redistribution of this world's goods, and a corresponding recklessness as to the means by which it could be brought about. This was never, perhaps, better exemplified than during the Reign of the Saints—and of Cromwell—in England.

In the meantime, however, it is curious to notice that the possibility of a final catastrophe has been, and to some extent still is one of the favourite speculations of science. The Stoics and their fellows held, indeed, that the world would be destroyed by fire; but this notion was founded not on rational, but on mystic grounds, and depended entirely upon the tradition, well-founded so far as it went, that it had in the beginning emerged from water. The Gnostics, improving on this, declared that when all things were ready, a conflagration would be started by the "perfect" fire wielded by the faithful, and, as some of the wilder sectaries are very likely to have tried experiments to this end on a small scale, it is probable that some inkling of this forecast may be concealed under Nero's accusation that the burning of Rome was caused by the Christians. But when the study of natural science followed the Revival of Greek Learning, most of these speculations found their point of support in the sun. In the early ages of revived science, it was generally supposed that the executioner of the world would be a comet, which in its eccentric orbit round the sun would knock up against the earth and reduce it to atoms in a second. But since it has been shown that the earth has more than once passed through the tail, if not through the nucleus of a comet without any of us being one penny the worse, it has since been generally considered that a more lingering death is reserved for us. Thus all men of science have for some time agreed that the heat given out by the sun must be gradually dying out, and that when it is finally expended the solar system will cease to exist. Clemence Royer, as shown in the ACADEMY at the time, would have varied the programme by causing the moon, insensibly drawn to the earth by our planet's superior attraction, to first hit us with a bump which would, we were assured, be sufficient to extinguish all terrestrial life. But, according to other scientists, including Lord Kelvin, the end will come when the earth, already reduced by the withdrawal of the sun's heat to a lifeless and frigid mass, will return to the sun from which it sprang and be re-absorbed—as the old mythologists would have said—within the bosom of its parent.

A daily newspaper has lately, *apropos* of Dr. Sven Hedin's Asiatic explorations, propounded a rival theory. According to the "Standard" the climate of a great part of the globe is gradually becoming drier, and this is due to those sun-spots which have been invoked as the cause of so many calamities, including therein the rise in the price of bread. How this comes about is not very clear, though our contemporary thinks it would be easier to explain if "the sun were really a variable star"; but the idea seems to be that the sun-spots cause a diminution of the rainfall, by lessening the amount of heat given out by the sun. Even the basis of this argument is very doubtful, for while some observers claim that the prevalence of sun-spots is accompanied by a fall, others think it is associated with a rise in the temperature of the earth. The truth probably is that, as Mr. Robert Scott has suggested, they exercise very little influence upon terrestrial temperature at all, and this becomes more likely when we consider the extremely small portion of the sun's surface—not more than one five-hundredth part of the whole—covered by the largest eruption of sun-spots. Diminishing this still further by subtracting the extremely large proportion of

solar heat which does not reach us at all, it will be seen that the difference that they can make to us in this respect is fairly negligible.

Even were it otherwise, is there any reason for supposing that the earth is drying up? The rainfall is in the main caused by the mixing of currents of damp air with those of a higher or lower temperature in the upper parts of the atmosphere, and the dampness of the air is mostly due to the evaporation of moisture from the earth's surface. Thus is explained the fact that in the Northern hemisphere, the western side of the continent is always more equable in climate than the eastern, owing to the winds there prevalent being westerly and bringing with them masses of vapour from the evaporation of the oceans over which they blow. So, too, at the Equator, where the heat of the sun attains its greatest force, the rainfall, when it does come, is so terrific that Dampier's story of drinking-cups being filled by it quicker than they could be drained by drinking has been thought to be not incredible. If, therefore, the heat of the sun were so to diminish as to cause a general lowering of temperature all over the world, it might indeed lead to a decrease in the rainfall. But the theory that solar heat is being slowly exhausted depends upon proof that it is maintained by combustion only, and this has lately received some rude shocks. So long as it was thought that the sun's heat was due to the energy developed by the gradual contraction of its surface, refreshed occasionally by the falling into it of meteors and other satellites, there was much reason to suppose that it might one day give out. But later discoveries afford reason for supposing that this is not so, and that solar radiation may be so closely connected with other phenomena as to be self-engendered, and so far as we can judge indestructible. At all events we may content ourselves with the idea that if our earth is in the long run doomed to extinction, the end is not likely to come for some millions of years, and that its cause of death, as Voltaire said about the poisonous effect of alcohol, is likely to be slow in its operation.

F. LEGGE.

Correspondence.

Child Snobbery.

SIR,—I read with great interest the allusions to child snobbery made by your dramatic critic in the last issue of the ACADEMY. This is an important branch of a great subject, one, moreover, which appears never to have received adequate attention. Children are shut out from their rightful place in "The Book of Snobs." Thackeray, indeed, seems to have considered them as little men and women, and therefore, inevitably, as little snobs. He at no time attempted to trace in them the origin of that proud English tradition. He approached his subject as an artist and not as a man of science.

As a matter of fact, a little observation shows us that children are only snobs while they are self-conscious. In the heat of play or brawl the wisdom of the serpent is not their's. It is only when they are conscious of their own individuality in the scale of things that they share that phase of public opinion which, like the postman and the police-court, they find ready made. Then, indeed, they become snobs with amazing solemnity, for they are utterly devoid of the only antidote to snobbery—a sense of humour. It is to be observed, in passing, that mere kindness of heart is not even a remedy!

Now, I maintain that this adaptability to an accepted tradition is not peculiar to children, but is also to be found in many domestic animals. Some day we may have snobbery treated in the same way that Lombroso has treated genius. In the meantime permit me to submit a

few random hints which may be of service to genuine searchers in this department of knowledge:—

- (1.) The influence of foot-men upon unsophisticated horses.
 - (2.) The psychological effect of afternoon tea on Italian greyhounds.
 - (3.) The theory of rags as essentially provocative of canine anger.
 - (4.) The effect of prize-tickets on show animals.
- Yours, &c., J. A. L.

The Cockney H.

SIR,—I have been following with much interest a correspondence in the columns of "The Nation" (New York) on "American misrepresentations of the use of *h* by the English." As the handling of the *h* by humourists when they are supposed to be revealing to us the oddities of Cockney language differs with almost every writer, it may interest your readers to know an American's opinion. The letter that follows from Mr. C. N. Super is, with a brief deletion, just as it appears in "The Nation":—

"I was much entertained by the protest of your correspondent, 'H. W. H.,' against American misrepresentations of the use of *h* by the English. For many years I have observed this linguistic phenomenon with some care both in England and among Americanized Englishmen, and I have been led to formulate the rule applicable in such cases in about these words: Where the *h* belongs, omit it; where it does not belong, place it. I once asked a London policeman to direct me to High Holborn. 'Where,' said he, 'is it you want to go?' I repeated my question, whereupon he corrected me by saying, 'You mean 'igh 'oburn.' While in the same city, I lodged for some time with a man who told me his name was 'Enry 'Amshaw, but when he wrote it, I noticed that he put *h* before both words. I recently made the acquaintance of a man on a transatlantic steamer, who told me several times that he was going to 'Montrehal.' These are a few among the many instances I have noted, and I cannot discover that emphasis has anything to do in the matter.

"In this country I have known a number of Englishmen who frankly admitted their peccadilloes in this respect, and corrected them when their attention was called to them until they overcame the habit; but they could give no reason for the peculiarity. It is curious that a good many English people deny *in toto* this misuse of the letter *h*. Not long ago, in a company where I happened to be, a German related an anecdote of a peculiar mishap to an Englishman at a hotel in Berlin. He ordered a waiter to bring him some 'hice water,' who, understanding that his guest wanted *heisses Wasser*, brought this. As a result of the misunderstanding, the guest burned himself and berated the waiter for his stupidity. The story was told without the slightest tinge of malice; but a lady who happened to be present, and whose treatment of the letter in question betrayed her nationality, spoke up angrily, declaring that all such stories were pure lies; that no Englishman ever talked that way—and more of the same sort. From the scientific point of view we certainly have here before us one of the most curious phenomena in modern speech. I have come across nothing like it outside of English."—I am, yours, &c., A COCKNEY WRITER.

A Critics Complaint.

SIR,—Should any of your readers be interested in the writing of musical criticism in America, my adventures with the "New York Concert Goer" may entertain them.

A few weeks ago this paper appointed me its London Music Correspondent. After writing for them for some time I received copies of the paper, containing, as I

thought, my contributions, since the "London Letters" were signed with my name. On reading them I found, to my consternation, that they had been written by some ignorant person upon the staff of the "Concert Goer," and that they were filled with absurd and flattering allusions to fifth-rate performers whose concerts I should not dream of attending.

I am informed that to play such pranks is customary with the editors of papers of this description. Fortunately, however, the "Etude," the "Musical Record and Review," and other desirable American music journals are conducted in a manner which makes it a pleasure to write for them.

—Yours, &c.,
16, Panton Street.

GEORGE CECIL.

OTHER LETTERS SUMMARIZED: K. H. G. writes pointing out that "Linesman" and "The Intelligence Officer" are not identical.—Mr. Algernon Ashton is, we regret to say, not quite happy. He takes up his pen to bewail the prospective disappearance of the Royal Aquarium and St. James's Hall. Of the Aquarium, Mr. Ashton says: "I, for my part, shall deeply regret the disappearance of the dear old Royal Aquarium, a place in which I have spent more pleasant hours than anywhere I know of."

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 168 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description of a shop window at Christmas time. Thirty replies have been sent in. We award the prize to Mr. James Fitzedward, 13 Hereford Road, Bayswater, W., for the following:—

In a narrow street to the south of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and bordering King's College Hospital, you shall find an old-fashioned low-browed shop whose window is composed of eight small squares of glass in two rows. Lapped, the year round, in the fogs and smoke of the great city, this window presents to the wayfarer no choice of goods, but merely a painted notice that the proprietor is a bookbinder.

There is no palpable sign of life in the place, no customer by any chance enters to disturb the aged man, he with the matted white head, who dwells there alone, and the window remains perennially uncleaned—save at Christmas; then, a week before that time of rejoicing, the centre two of the bottom four glass squares are cleaned and polished, while behind there appears a sprig of holly in a stoneware jug with a cracked lip and an illuminated card, wishing all the world a "Merry Christmas."

This is the most inspiring Christmas window I know. The world has used that man harshly for eighty-two years and he still wishes it a "Happy Christmas," a most striking tribute to the power of that same feast.

Other descriptions follow:—

It is not the gorgeous and sugared window which attracts the artist's eye so much as the pathetic shifts and struggles of the poor retail shopkeeper. "Art shows itself in limitation," and surely the true "bridle of Theages" is poverty. At a deserted watering-place in the dead winter season the word "merry" is not easily uttered.

In summer, the chief objects in the window had been a monstrously large tea-cup with the inscription—"I'm not greedy, but I like a lot"—and in the tea-cup stood an envelope fixed in a split wooden peg such as gardeners employ to tabulate their flowers; and on the envelope was written, "Tea like mother makes it *ld.* a cup." This cup with its gargantuan legend has disappeared. Cheap sweetmeats are now the main attraction. A new patron—the school board child—is catered for: but the same maternal appeal is still evident. "Father Xmas—two a penny." "Merry Xmas Crackers."

Poor mother, thy little shop window speaks more nearly to me of the "still sad music of humanity" than all the adulterations of the International stores over the way, decorated with crystal glitter and 'ghostly bloom' in the interests of a company's dividends.

[G. M., Clacton-on-Sea.]

I love looking in shop windows. There are so many nice ones, I hardly know which to choose. I almost think that Wilson's toy shop is the best when it is all lit up at nearly tea time. They have some simply glorious things. Tom has one window and I have the other, but they keep changing the things. Tom's had the most lovely doll in yesterday, and he said that the hair was real; but mine

had a milliner's shop with ever so many hats in, and the sweetest little pram with a white satin hood and blue lining, and not at all dear. There is also a nigger pulling a pig's tail which squeaks, which I am going to buy for a Christmas present for Tom. But the dolls' house things I think are perfect. There is a bath room set with taps that turn on real water, and real soap and towel and thermometer, and there is a canary which sings if you put a penny in the slot, but I don't see any use in him, as Jimmy (which is our canary) sings much better for nothing.

[C. S., Sheffield.]

It is only a tiny shop with one tiny window, and yet, when the Christmas season comes, I can never pass it by without glancing in. The dolls are always the first to catch my eye, gazing upon me from a score of different corners, every one with a different expression upon its waxy face. The sarcastic doll is perched upon the second shelf, looking so *very* sarcastic that I always feel embarrassed; and just above her is the cheerful doll, who seems all mouth and eyes, and a shock of ruffled hair. Here and there, climbing on sticks and strings, are a host of imps and monkeys, squirrels, frogs, and alligators. Some wooden soldiers, stiff and dignified, are ranged along the front, and right in their rear is a huge Noah's Ark discharging its varied occupants in stately procession. Tops and drums, engines, carts, and musical-boxes, elegant horses and woolly sheep—what a glorious company they form! And then come the humbler toys, the poor little pop-guns and mouth-organs, that have to keep in the background because they are so cheap and small. Somehow or other I seem to like them better than all the rest.

[J. F. R., Edinburgh.]

In the ordinary way it is just a dirty little sweet-stuff shop in the poorest part of a shabby London suburb, but in the early part of December it begins to boast of "Christmas Novelties." The coconut toffee, bulls-eyes, and butter-balls disappear from view; multi-coloured paper rings hang in festoons from the roof; flags jut out from the woodwork, and Father Christmas—a little the worse for wear—takes his place in the middle of the sixteen superficial feet of window. He is guarded by a hollow square of chocolate mice, officered by a sugar pig and a Polar bear. Muslin stockings already filled by his bounteous hand are suspended in mid-air, and at their feet nestling amongst holly leaves and sparkling cotton-wool are drums with bulging sides, animals with nodding heads, and animals stuffed so full with Tom-thumb mixture that their heads have actually been lifted off their shoulders. From strings and wires stretched in every direction dangle hampers, embroidered slippers, red and white musical instruments, fairy palaces, rosy-cheeked apples, and numerous other delicacies of "pure sugar." "Ah, well, Christmas comes but once a year," says Mrs. Lollypop, the proprietress, to the patrons who congratulate her on "the wonder."

[Miss E. A., Brockley.]

We set forth in a nipping east wind, the boy and I, to view the Christmas shops. It was disappointing. The art of window dressing must have languished since I was young. But the boy thought otherwise; and when at last we came before the dazzling glamour of a city toy-shop, I had to give in to his superior judgment. Here, indeed, was a show worthy of the best traditions of window stagecraft. Father Christmas occupied a prominent position in an appropriate setting of cotton wool and frosted fir-trees. Before him was marshalled a glittering pageant from fairyland. Princesses, knights, harlequins, birds, beasts, and all manner of moving things were there. And the military! A whole company of Royal Horse Artillery pranced along the skirts of the procession; and a placard announced that every British regiment could be obtained within at 104d. per box. Moreover, there was a complete 4·7-inch naval gun, ticketed at 2s. 6d., and a sinister looking torpedo-boat at 5s. The militant note in this "Christmas" display set me moralising. But behold: at that very instance the "boy" fled into the limbo of past Christmases, and I was alone!

[A. G. W., London.]

It was "Show Night" in the East End of London. I walked down a narrow street and surveyed the shops around me. I halted before a tiny window and smiled to myself. It was a boot shop and the most small, mean, pitiful affair imaginable. The only light was from one little gas jet, underneath which was twisted a bit of mistletoe. A large pair of hob-nail boots stood in the centre of the window, and a piece of holly had been stuck into either boot. Three or four rosettes of pink and blue tissue paper adorned several other pairs of shoes. Two chains, one of green and the other of yellow, met, and were elegantly crossed on the ceiling of the little shop. This shoemaker, I thought, is one of the million toiling poor, and yet though his life is dull and hard, he still retains the love, as he conceives it, of beauty. This window is a triumph of art, the triumph of colour over gloom, of the radiance of life and feeling over sordid detail. The beauty of Xmas reigns in this shoemaker's heart, the beauty of life is in this poor little window.

[N. W. B., Ryde.]

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Hélas ! ai-je pensé, malgré ce grand nom d'Hommes,
Que j'ai honte de nous, débiles que nous sommes !
Comment on doit quitter la vie et tous ses maux,
C'est vous qui le savez, sublimes animaux !
A voir ce que l'on fut sur terre et ce qu'on laisse,
Seul le silence est grand ; tout le reste est faiblesse.
Ah ! je t'ai bien compris, sauvage voyageur,
Et ton dernier regard m'est allé jusqu'au cœur !
Il disait : ' Si tu peux, fais que ton âme arrive,
A force de rester studieuse et pensive.
Jusqu'à ce haut degré de stoïque fierté
Où, naissant dans les bois, j'ai tout d'abord monté.
Gémir, pleurer, crier, est également lâche.
Fais énergiquement ta longue et lourde tâche
Dans la voie où le sort a voulu t'appeler,
Puis après, comme moi, souffre et meurs sans parler.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 17 December, 1902. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Mr. F. Fisher Unwin will issue the fourth volume of the *Works of Friedrich Nietzsche* during the course of next month. The translation is by Johanna Volz, and the title of the volume is "The Dawn of Day." In the preface Nietzsche refers distinctly to his method of work. "In this book," he says, "we meet with one who works in the bowels of the earth, boring, mining, undermining."

From the same house is coming in January "The Conflict of Duties, and other Essays," by Alice Gardner. The essays were originally written for the students of Newnham. Speaking of veracity, the author says pointedly: "The many-sidedness of the virtue we call truthfulness or sincerity sometimes leads people to ignore its simpler forms in supposed obedience to its higher dictates."

Mr. Unwin will also publish shortly "Among the People of British Columbia: Red, White, Yellow and Brown," by Frances E. Herring. Mrs. Herring's last book on Canada was called "Canadian Camp Life." In the preface to the present volume she observes: "The social life speaks for itself, and is as we live it now, not as we lived it in dreamy ease, apart from the outside world, twenty and even forty years ago, when the community lived as one family."

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier are issuing almost immediately "The Great Marquess: Life and Times of Archibald 8th Earl and 1st (and only) Marquess of Argyll," by the Rev. John Willcock. The book is not a mere compilation, but is based upon original sources. "To some of those," says the author "who would fain rise above mere partisan prejudice in judging the character of Argyll, it seems only possible to form a more favourable estimate of him than that held in many quarters, by regarding him rather as an almost independent potentate than as a Scotch noble and a subject of Charles I."

Christmas Lectures.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W. PROFESSOR H. S. HELESHAW, LL.D., F.R.S., will on Saturday next (December 27), at three o'clock, begin a Course of Six Experimental Lectures (adapted to a Juvenile Auditory) on "LOCOMOTION: ON THE EARTH; THROUGH THE WATER; IN THE AIR." Subscription (for Non-Members) to this Course, One Guinea (Children under sixteen, Half-a-Guinea); to all the Courses in the Season, Two Guineas. Tickets may be obtained at the Institution.

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